



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



HISTORY
OF THE
CHAMPNEY FAMILY,

CONTAINING
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, LETTERS, REMINISCENCES, &C.

by Julius Rosenberg

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO:
P. L. HANSCOM & CO., PRINTERS,
1887.

JOHN

JUN 27 1924

Inv. 4308

C5

71

C453

1867

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTORY	5
THE CHAMPNEY FAMILY—First Generation	7
E. CHAMPNEY	9
RESIDENCE OF OUR GRANDFATHER	11
BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY	12
THE FAMILY GATHERING AND VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD	18
LETTER FROM SAMUEL T. CHAMPNEY OF BROOKLYN, READ AT THE MEETING....	17
ADDRESS AT THE FAMILY GATHERING	18
FAMILY RECORD—GROUP	25
JONAS CUTLER	27
EBENEZER	32
JULIUS BERESFORD	35
SAMUEL PARKER	40
ELIZABETH	41
LEWIS CLARK	48
THE FAMILY MANSION	46
THE OLD PINE TREE	47
THE OLD FARM HOUSE	50
REMINISCENCES	51
INSCRIPTIONS	52
GENEALOGY	53
PAPER FROM COUSIN GEO. M. CHAMPNEY	55
LETTER FROM COUSIN JOHN PRESTON	60
THE FAMILY COAT OF ARMS	61
EXPERIENCES OF FRED. W. CHAMPNEY	62
SOLOMON CHAMPNEY	66
CAPTAIN NATHANIEL CHAMPNEY	67
JONAS C. CHAMPNEY'S RESIDENCE	74
OBITUARY	76

INTRODUCTORY.

THE wish and desire of the author, in presenting these few pages of FAMILY HISTORY and incident to the public, is not only to give a record of the present generation, but to cultivate and inspire in the minds of those who are to follow, a love of home! "How few there are who appreciate the blessings of home, yet, when deprived of them, will oftentimes lead even unto death."

The sweet names of Father, Mother, Brother, and Sister, fall upon the ear without awakening a thought of their true meaning while we are constantly associated with them, and in the hourly enjoyment of their kind offices, but it is when, perhaps, some bright eyes have become dimmed, the merry laughter of others hushed, and the weary and wounded heart seeks to fill the void thus made among strangers, that the magic of household names, and the deep, tender feeling of home-relationship is felt and realized. The author is indebted to the history of New Ipswich chiefly for the record of the CHAMPNEY FAMILY down to the sixth generation, and as his father died while he was a child, he could know but little of him. It is to be presumed that those only who are connected, or may be familiar with the family name, will be interested in these pages.

Some may be a little curious to know why one whose pursuits in life have been hitherto very far removed from

those of a writer for the public eye, should have undertaken a task for which previous practice and experience have so little qualified him. He begs to assure them that it was almost entirely by accident, as no literary ambition prompted him at all. The author could more readily arrange and accomplish a machine to compete with the speed of the wind, or to propel the mighty burthen upon the iron rail; nevertheless, should there be one item of interest handed down to future generations, within these pages, and could the writer be assured that he was doing something for the benefit of those who are to come after, his aim will be accomplished, and his labor not wholly in vain.

In tracing the CHAMPNEY name and ancestry, the compiler feels truly grateful that the name is without a stain resting upon it—although not often great, yet always virtuous, filling the stations called upon to occupy, with that honor and fidelity which inspire one to feel justly proud of his lineage. His labors have found a “glory” in the “fathers,” and a lesson from them teaching that the richest bequest which any man can leave to posterity is that of a bright and spotless character.

JULIUS B. CHAMPNEY.

THE CHAMPNEY FAMILY.

FIRST GENERATION.

RICHARD CHAMPNEY came from Lincolnshire, England, in 1634, or 1635, and settled in Cambridge, Mass. He was made freeman in 1636. He was a ruling Elder in the Church gathered there, and much esteemed for his piety, and his exhibition of the Christian virtues. His name is honorably mentioned in the "Cambridge Church Gathering." He was married in England, to Jane ———. He died Nov. 26, 1669. *Children*—Esther, born in England, 1629; married Josiah Converse, Woburn, 1651. Mary, born October, 163—, died young. Samuel, born September, 1635; married Sarah Hubbard, 1657. Sarah, born May, 1638; married Wm. Barrett, 1656; died, 1661. Mary, born November, 1639; married Jacob French, 1665. John, born May, 1641. Daniel, born March, 1644.

SECOND GENERATION.

Daniel, born 1644, (son of Richard); married Dorcas Bridge, January 3, 1665. They resided in Cambridge. She died in 1684, aged 36. He died in 1691, aged 47. *Children*—Dorcas, born August, 1667, married Nicholas Row, 1690; Daniel, born December, 1669; Thomas, born September, 1673; Noah, born September, 1677; Downing, born June, 1680, died 1705, aged 25; Abigail, born April, 1683; Hepzibah, born June, 1687.

THIRD GENERATION.

Daniel, born 1669, (son of Daniel); married Bethiah Danforth. *Children*—Thomas, born 1697; Dorcas, born 1699; Daniel, born 1700, married Tabitha Hancock, 1723; Solomon, born 1702; Noah, born 1704, married Martha Hubbard, 1725; Downing, born 1706; Richard, born 1707; Thomas, born 1709.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Solomon, born 1702, (son of Daniel,) married Elizabeth Cunningham, 1723. *Children*—Richard, born 172—; Ebenezer, born 1720, (probably died young); Nathan, born 1733; John, born 1735, died 1820, aged 85, 2d wife Abigail Crackbone; Silence, born 1740; died 1747; Ebenezer, born April 3, 1744. The above Solomon was bred a mechanic, but afterwards became a soldier under George III, and was stationed at Castle William, Boston harbor, where he died in 1760.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Ebenezer, (son of Solomon,) born 1744, married Abigail Trowbridge, at Groton, 1764. *Children*—Benjamin, born August 20, 1764, died 1827, aged 62; Francis, born January 27, 1766; Abigail, born May 4, 1767, married Thomas Gardner, died 1805; Hannah, born September 23, 1768, married James Prescott; Elizabeth, born September 12, 1770, died August 27, 1775; Sarah, born December 25, 1771, died August 20, 1775; Ebenezer, born February 5, 1774, died August 29, 1775. She died 1775, aged 35. 2d wife, Abigail Parker, November 1778, died 1790, aged 38. *Children*—Elizabeth, born February 6, 1779, married John Preston, M.D.; Ebenezer, born July 19, 1780, died 1820, aged 40; Jonas Cutler, born April 17, 1783, died 1824, aged 41. Married third wife, Susan Wyman, 1796. She died same year.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Hannah, (daughter of Ebenezer,) married James Prescott, 1792. *Children*—Susan, born 1793, died 1795; Hannah, born 1795, died 1800; Susan, born 1797; Lucretia; Lucy; James, born 1803, died 1803; William; Mary; Hannah Maria; Benjamin.

Ebenezer, (son of Ebenezer,) married Mehitable Goodridge. *Children*—Ebenezer Nichols; Jonas Cutler; Ebenezer; Frederick W.; Julius Beresford; Samuel Parker; Mary; Elizabeth; Lewis Clark.

Jonas Cutler, (son of Ebenezer,) married Phebe Parker, 1808. *Children*—Horatio Nelson, born 1809; Abby Parker, born 1813.

Elizabeth, (daughter of Ebenezer,) married John Preston. *Children*—Ebenezer; Maria; John; Eliza; Lucy; Abigail; Maria; William; Thomas; Rebecca.

Benjamin, (son of Ebenezer,) married Mercy Parker, 1791.

Children—Sarah, born July 22, 1792; Maria, born July 23, 1793, died November 1, 1796; Benjamin, born March 12, 1795, died November 13, 1813, an undergraduate of Dartmouth College.

She died 1795, aged 29; married 2d wife, Rebecca Brooks, 1809.

Children—Edward Walter, born Aug. 18, 1810, married Caroline L. Floyd, 1845; George Mather, born March 6, 1812, married Lucy Ann Brown, 1836; Maria Louisa, born November 14, 1813, married F. A. Cragin, 1837; Ellen Eliza, born October 17, 1815, married John Clough, 1840; Benjamin Crackbone, born November 22, 1817, ~~died March 2, 1867~~; Henry Trowbridge, born September 19, 1825, married Lydia S. Parshley, 1849.

Francis, (son of Ebenezer,) married Abigail Trowbridge, 1786.

Children—Frances, born 1788, died 1791; Samuel, born 1789, died 1793; Abigail, born 1791, died 1793; Fanny, born 1793; Francis, 2d, born 1794; Abigail, 2d, born 1796; Samuel, 2d, born 1798; Ferdinand, born 1800.

Abigail, (daughter of Ebenezer,) married Thos. Gardner, Groton, 1790. *Children*—Thomas Champney, born 1791, died, ———; Abigail, born 1792; Eliza, born 1794; John, born 1796; Walter; George; Mary.—[*N. I. His.*]

E. Champney was born at Cambridge, educated at Harvard University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1762. He was at first designed for the ministry, and to that end studied Divinity, and preached about two years. He received a call to settle in township No. 1, now Mason; this was declined, and soon after he left this profession for that of the law. He prepared himself for this vocation in the office of Hon. Samuel Livermore, and was admitted to the Bar at Portsmouth, N. H. in 1768. In June, of the same year, he removed to New Ipswich, and entered upon the duties of his profession. In the spring of 1783, Mr. Champney went to Groton, where he remained until 1789, was representative in 1784, when he returned to New Ipswich. His first commission as justice of the peace was received from the celebrated Gov. John Hancock, of Massachusetts.

In 1795, he was appointed judge of probate for the county of Hillsboro. The duties of this office were appropriately discharged until his resignation a few months before his death.

Judge Champney married, first, a daughter of Rev. Caleb Trow-

bridge, of Groton, 1764, which connected him with the distinguished families of Cottons and Mathers. By this marriage he had seven children, three of whom died in infancy. He became a widower in 1775, and was married again in 1778, to Abigail Parker, by whom he had four children. She died in 1790, and he was again married, in March, 1796, to Susan Wyman, who died the September following.

Judge Champney was a man of very respectable talents, and exercised no inconsiderable influence in this vicinity. During the earlier years of his practice, he was the only lawyer between Keene and Groton, and had offices both at New Ipswich and the latter place, in conjunction with his son. The labor of attending the courts, at that period, was very great, the circuit being extensive, and all journeys were necessarily performed on horseback.

During the controversy between the colonies and the mother country, the sentiments of Mr. Champney were adverse to those extreme measures that led to the revolution. He was a moderate tory, and deprecating a resort to arms, believed that with prudent and moderate counsels, all causes of disaffection might be satisfactorily adjusted. He wished to preserve his loyalty and the peace of the country; but like many others who forbore to take part in the contest, he lived to acknowledge the beneficent effects of that struggle which gave us our liberties and free institutions. He died on the 10th September, 1810, at the age of 67.—[*N. I. His.*]



Residence of our Grandfather.

RESIDENCE OF OUR GRANDFATHER.

This was the residence of our Grandfather, Hon. EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, and for a long time after, that of uncle BENJAMIN, but now JOHN PRESTON, Esq.* The house was built by Samuel Haywood, and used for several years as a public house. It was what was called the Jo. Kidder estate at the time of the purchase by Mr. Haywood. It is the birthplace of Ed. W. and George M. Champney, and also their brother Benjamin Champney, the renowned artist. I believe the entire family were born in this house. All who have ever attended school at the center village will recognize the house and spot with interest. The noble, majestic elm, under whose branches we have so often rested from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun, during the sports at recess and noontime, is a magnificent relic left by our fathers. The office is the one occupied for a series of years by grandfather and uncle Benjamin, although it then stood in another locality, and has been somewhat enlarged by the present occupant, Esquire Preston, since it was moved to where it now stands.

What a wonderful change has come over this country since our grandfather's day! He lived when there was not a white man in Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, or Indiana, which were then territories, but now the most flourishing part of America. The broad, green prairies of the West were as little known as the islands of the moon. In his day Canada belonged to the French, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed two and a half millions. He lived when the people were loyal to the British Empire, and through the struggle which established the great Republic of the world. He lived when there was but four newspapers, with a circulation of less than two thousand, and when cylinder presses and steam engines had not been dreamed of, or imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not yet entered into the remotest conception of man's fertile brain.

Let us imagine, for a time, that our grandfather, who has been in his grave for a little more than half a century, is only sleeping there, and we can awake him to behold the realities of this age.

* Since the manuscript was placed in the hands of the printer, the following painful notice appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* :

"The Hon. JOHN PRESTON, a prominent advocate of the principles of temperance and liberty among the public men of New Hampshire, died at his residence, in New Ipswich, on Tuesday, March 5, at the age of 65."

He looks down the line of his descendants, and finds one among them a master of the painter's art, and he can see the Rhine in all its grandeur and beauty, moving before him—all the work of a skilful hand; another can move at his will the huge steam-horse, taking along with lightning speed and power its monstrous load; and still another is engaged with the electric wire in conversation with the people of another continent! What, think you would be the sensation of our noble sire at the wonderful changes that have taken place since his departure!

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY, eldest son of the above, was born at Groton, Aug. 20, 1764. His early life was spent in the usual employments attendant upon farming. His education was received from the common schools of that day, although he enjoyed the advantages of occasional instruction in the office of his father. Before he completed his majority, he commenced, in the same office, the study of the law, and in due time prepared himself for the legal profession. He opened an office in Groton, in conjunction with his father, in 1786, and resided there until 1792, when he returned to New Ipswich. From this period until the time of his own decease, in 1826, he continued alone in the duties of his avocation.

Few men have enjoyed the confidence of the community in which they lived to a greater degree than Mr. Champney. Possessed of a candid and liberal mind, he saw things in their true and just relations, and was capable of weighing, in his well-balanced judgment, the various and complicated issues that were offered for his advice and adjudication. For many years he served the town as one of the Selectmen. He received the appointment of postmaster upon the removal of the office to the village, which he held for 20 years. He was also, for a number of years, President of the Hillsboro Bar. As a townsman, he was one of the foremost in devising and executing measures for the promotion of learning and the general improvement of the town.

He was one of the projectors and original proprietors of the first Cotton Factory built in New Ipswich. This enterprise was commenced in 1804, in conjunction with Charles Barrett and Charles Robbins. [This factory, together with those that have grown out of it, has been of much importance to the trade and prosperity of the town. For a time it was a great attraction to the neighbor-

hood, and even to places quite remote, on account of its entire novelty. For some years it was conducted with much success, but subsequently it proved a source of loss to all concerned.]

Mr. C. married in 1792, **MARY PARKER**. She died in 1795, having borne him three children. Benjamin, the only son, was endowed with rare mental qualities, and at a very early period of life was prepared for college. He entered the institution at Hanover in 1812. During the first year he was accidentally wounded in the head by a stone thrown by a fellow-student. The blow occasioned fits of an epileptic character, which compelled him to leave college. After suffering increased physical and mental prostration for more than a year, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of Nov. 13, 1813.

The second marriage of Mr. C. took place in October, 1809, to **REBECCA BROOKS**, of New Ipswich, a relative of the late Gov. John Brooks, of Mass. By this union he had seven children, all but one of whom are now living.

Esquire Champney died on the 12th of May, 1827, at the age of 63. As a gentleman, he was courteous and affable, and as a man, public spirited and honorable.—*N. I. His.*

THE FAMILY GATHERING AND VISIT TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

As family gatherings have become quite prevalent in our country, it was suggested, by one of the members of the family of Ebenezer Champney, late of New Ipswich, N. H., that a meeting of the children be held, as soon as convenient, at some place most suitable and convenient to all the members; consequently it became the desire of each that a meeting should take place. Samuel P. was the first to solicit the meeting be held at his house in Grafton, Mass., and as the old homestead had passed from the family into other hands, brother Samuel's proposition was readily accepted, and the 5th of October, 1865, the day appointed for the meeting to take place. The family of Ebenezer Champney, or rather the children, consisting of five brothers and one sister, the same number that left the old mansion forty-two years ago.

The meeting took place agreeable to the time appointed, and all were present. The most profound harmony and good feeling was manifested. Had there ever been any misunderstanding, one with another, here all was forgotten, and pure and unsullied pleasure

was expressed in every countenance. Most generously did brother Samuel provide for our coming. It was a feast of good things, and for one, I shall remember the time as a bright particular spot in my journey of life. As we gazed one upon the other, after so many long years of separation, no one missing from the group that left the old home so long ago, it caused the heart to beat in gratitude, and in joyful satisfaction. Here, at the festive board, went up the silent thanksgiving of grateful hearts, who had been permitted once more to assemble together.

I confess myself entirely incompetent to express my feelings on this most interesting occasion. Memory turned to early days. The fresh and smiling faces of children, as we parted, now bear the marks of mature manhood and age, yet all were in excellent health. Samuel presided at the table, and remarks were made by Eben, Samuel, Elizabeth, and Lewis. The address by Julius.

Samuel thanked the brothers and sister for the honor conferred by appointing the meeting at his house, and brother Julius for his address, and gave as a sentiment :

"This imperfect gathering of our family—may it be perfected above."

By ELIZABETH — "It is good for us to be here, and may the same take place many times in future."

The remarks given by the others are not in my possession, and therefore cannot be given.

The following day we repaired to Worcester, where we sit for a group picture, and obtained an excellent one of the entire family. We made a brief visit to the Antiquarian Hall, where there is much to interest those who love to look and ponder on the past. Our attention was particularly drawn toward the portrait of that staunch old puritan, Cotton Mather, whose blood flows in our veins, and for the crime of which some of our *democratic* friends have talked about leaving us out in the cold, as a punishment; but the descendants of that stock have most emphatically decided to remain within the comfortable enclosure of the old Union.

We left Worcester for New Ipswich, N. H., the place of our nativity:

"That spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

The cars brought us to Mason village, where we took stage for the remainder of the way; and we now came upon old familiar grounds,

and in riding over the hills and through the valleys, the mind was away back to youthful days. It was dark when we arrived in town, but I had not forgotten the way to the residence of kind friends and relatives, and was soon in comfortable quarters. So—

“I have come to see, once more,
The dear haunts I loved of yore.
Comrades of my early years,
Where are now your smiles and tears—
Smiles of welcome, tears of joy,
Greeting home the long lost boy?
Silence palls my listening ear,
Few familiar voices here.
On the grave-stone, gray and cold,
The sad tale is briefly told.”

We paid a visit to the old mansion where we were all born, and scanned, with deeper interest than ever before, every room, from cellar to garret. It was where we roomed in our infancy; it was the home of our childhood! The house stands in all its primitive glory, but the hand of progress and improvement has destroyed the interest and beauty of its surroundings.

The stone step before the door was still there, and not yet worn out; and I noticed the broad iron door-latch and handle, of which I retain a *painful* recollection, as I had the curiosity, when a child, to place my tongue upon its smooth surface one cold frosty morning. The adhesion proved to be so great that I left a portion of it fast to the unyielding metal. This is one of the early impressions which has lasted me until now. Still I am not prepared to say that I have always profited by the lesson; yet it taught me the importance of keeping a good control over that unruly member.

By the hospitable kindness of Mrs. Pritchard, we were shown into every room in the house. She removed the fire-board from the kitchen fire-place, and there we stood before that venerated place, as in days of old we huddled round the blazing fire—nothing changed in the least. The crane, that long years ago had done its work, was still there, a faithful relic of olden time.

Within the south-east chamber we paused for reflection. Here is where we first drew breath, and where our father ceased to breathe. Here we commenced our mortal life. Here our father put on the robes of immortality! Here he held my hand, and gave his dying benediction.

The garret, the uppermost room, also has its history. It contained the spinning-wheel, and the loom, where mother made the

clothes we wore, and around which our clattering voices sounded in unison with the hum of the wheel and the noise of the shuttle. Here was found imprinted in the plastering, over the fire-place in this room, "1787," which is supposed to be the year the house was built. The figures were made by the end of the finger, when the plastering was put on. We partook of the fruit from the trees planted by our fathers, and drank again of the pure water at the old well.

With the many pleasing incidents attending our visit to the home of our childhood, it was nevertheless intermingled with sadness and gloom. We stood at the tombs of our fathers, and walked in the city of the dead. A large proportion of our young comrades, schoolmates and kindred, have been gathered to their last resting place. We could read upon the stones the names so familiar in days long gone by. Silently they repose while we write off the inscriptions given in these few and imperfect pages. With a heavy heart we turn from the sad scene and wend our way to other localities, all of which will be remembered with heartfelt interest.

I would not forget the dear cousins who received and entertained us so kindly. Abby Parker Champney, that was, now Mrs. Bellows, the last one to bear our name in the town, is entitled to our thanks and gratitude for the interest taken to render our visit pleasant and agreeable. Cousin John Preston we met under very distressing circumstances, having had his leg recently amputated. These kind friends and relatives will be retained in memory dear.

At the house of Mr. Bellows we met the venerable Naham Parker, of Middleborough, Vt., who is a relative, and with whom Stephen A. Douglas served his apprenticeship at the cabinet business. We parted at the old mansion for our several homes, as in days of yore, with no probability of ever meeting again here.

On my way I called on cousins Walter and George Champney, merchants in Boston, and doing business in Devonshire-Street. Although many years had intervened since we met, I was recognized at first sight, and my call made pleasant. From here I went to Central Wharf, and found Frederick Kidder, an old school-mate, whom I had not seen since we were children together, learning our primary lessons at school, at the old house on the corner. Mr. Kidder is deeply interested in the welfare of our native town, and is the author of its history. Every one hailing from that town owe him a debt of gratitude for the labor and expense of getting up that interesting and valuable work. He holds many prominent positions in the historical societies of our country, being deeply en-

gaged in everything pertaining to that subject. His father, Isaiah Kidder, was one of the most enterprising business men New Ipswich ever produced, but he died in his early manhood and usefulness. His name will be remembered so long as the mountain stands that bears his name!

I now turned my face Westward, to my far distant home on the banks of the Illinois. Two days and nights brought me safe and sound to the door of my own humble dwelling, and to the embrace of loved ones there—happy in the reflection of meeting so many of my kindred and friends once more in life.

LETTER FROM SAMUEL T. CHAMPNEY, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[Received and read at the Family Gathering.]

MY DEAR COUSIN, S. P.:—

Your kind letter, of the 11th September, I intended to do myself the pleasure of answering in person. But it has been decided that a wedding shall come off about that time, so I must forego the pleasure I did anticipate in mingling with the children of UNCLE EBEN on the 5th. I have but a few moments to write before the last mail for the day leaving, therefore cannot say what the heart feels.

My childhood days were spent in the old house by the river, in full view of uncle Eben's, on the hill. How many summer evenings have I listened to the notes of the clarinet with perfect delight, played by your father! No one since have I ever heard play that instrument as your father could. I was always glad to be present where he was—he always brought so much pleasantries into all he did. He made labor a cheerful employment, and in the social circle was the delight of all. Your father kept posted with the improvements of the day. He had a progressive mind. No stand-still to him. After I grew up and entered upon the active scenes of life, while in the store of Samuel Batchelder, I had a better opportunity to judge of your father. He was no ordinary man. I could say much of him during the last few years of his life, but must defer until another time.

The first Champney known came over with William the Conqueror, and fought at the battle of Hastings. William built Battle Abby, knighted thirty of his bravest warriors, and recorded their names in Battle Abby. Among those names was Sir Henry Champney, and from him are traced directly down to our grandfather, Hon. Eben'r Champney. One of the descendants was Lord Mayor of the city of London. The proud grandees of old England esteem it the height of aristocracy when they can trace their ancestors to Battle Abby. So you see we may be proud of the race!

My kind love to your wife and Miss Susie, and Master Eben. My kind salutations to your brothers all, and I would welcome them to our home.

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

SAMUEL.

P. S. When in the sparkling glass of pure cold water, or a cup of old Hyson, you drink to the health of absent friends, remember your Cousin Samuel T. is one true and earnest!

ADDRESS AT THE FAMILY GATHERING.

BROTHERS, SISTER AND RELATIVES:

Our meeting together at this time must remind us all of our early days. How vividly comes before the mind the home of our childhood! The author of "Home, sweet home," by that simple and affecting song, struck a powerful chord in the human heart with a master hand; and from city to city, from hill to hill, and valley to valley, from nation to nation, and from shore to shore, its vibrations have echoed and re-echoed, until almost every civilized people in the world are singing in its mother tongue, "Home, home, sweet, sweet home."

The love of some spot where our cares may be dissipated, and our labors find repose; where our affections may linger ere they go forth in the wide world, and where they may return after their weary and disappointed pilgrimage, sure to find sympathy for every sorrow. This affection of the human heart is universal to our race. The love of home goes with us wherever we may roam, and the expectation of home nerves every struggle we make against the heaving and dashing waves of disappointment and trial.

Wherever I have wandered in life, I have seen change following change—friends alienated, companions deserting each other, and even the everlasting hills, and the deep-fixed valleys undergoing change, and unexpected mutations. But I conceive of no such change going on at home. The heart fondly lingers over the memory of that dear spot, and all its tender and endeared accompaniments as its image was first impressed there, years and years ago. The sorrowing babe clings to its mother's breast; the bleeding dove flies to her native vale, and nestles there to die amid the quiet grove where first she tried her tender pinion. I could love thus to repose amid the peaceful scenes of memory dear. How passing sweet to rest forever on this lovely spot where passed my days of innocence and childhood, to dream of the pure stream of infant happiness. I look back upon my youthful home, and in that ever revered mansion I see my parents, brothers and sister, gathered together at the fire-side, the home circle unbroken, and although the storm may beat, and the tempest roar without, there is true happiness within. The same playful children I last beheld them near half a century ago. The trees growing as they then grew, the hills and valleys seem as they did to my youthful mind—the same sober watch-dog still in the yard; the same cat drowzes and purrs her sleepy song upon the hearth-stone.

All the world is changing, and has changed; yet I can scarcely bring my mind to think my early home has changed with it. The heart desires *one* spot on all this earth where melancholy changes may not mark the images which fond affection has treasured up; where the tides of Time shall not bear our playmates onward to mature years and altered feelings; where death shall not close the kindly beaming eye of affection, and fill the clod and the grassy turf on the once heaving bosom of goodness and worth. We desire one, at least *one* spot in this changing world, where innovation, under the pretence of utility, may not lay low the trees under whose shade the happiest moments of life were passed, or destroy the green where sport succeeded sport for many a live-long holiday; where neglect may not allow the destroyer, Time, to level in the dust the pile where we first drew breath, and on leaving which we drew the deepest sigh; where the green graves of our fathers may not be trampled on as common earth.

But change must come, and when years on years have rolled away while in distant lands, let my feet once more tread the well-known haunts of early years, and O, how changed will all appear? The rugged hills seem but a small hillock; the deep hollow seems but a very small valley. The capacious school-house—can this be the one? And the large meeting-house, where in youth I strained my eyes to find its limits—is it possible this is that venerable place? And these are not its bitterest changes—the gray-haired, and the middle-aged, where are they. The generation in which they lived and died has almost forgotten them, and the monuments erected to their memory are leaning over their graves and gathering greenness on the inscriptions. I converse of those I once knew and loved, and am informed that one by one has passed away. One became wealthy and selfish, another poor and misanthropic; one has grown bloated in vice and corruption, and gone down to the grave in degradation and shame; another, as changed as he, still lives in successful but miserable villainy and crime. One is the tenant of a prison, another of a mad-house, and a third subsists on the bounty of his friends. Some have wandered to the ends of the earth and been heard of no more; while others are still living in body, but dead, worse than dead, in all that constitutes them men, besotted with drink, their minds are debased and enfeebled, and their mouths filled with cursing and blasphemy. How few, how very few, still survive as we knew them in early youth, unchanged in heart, improved in mind, and exalted in true nobility of soul. Change, desolation and decay has left its mark around the home of our childhood. Still—

“The loud torrent and the whirlwinds roar,
But binds me to my native mountains more.”

The hardy laborer, far from his lonely cot, and humble family, toils on from day to day, and from week to week, that at the last he may return to his home and make it glad with the scanty reward his labor has won. And when the great sweat-drops, wrung from his brow, plash upon the ground, and his giant limbs tire with long continued exertion, when his zeal grows cold, and his heart becomes heavy with weariness, what is it that nerves his arm, warms his heart, and animates him to redoubled exertions and industry for his task? Thoughts of his loved ones, visions of his dear, dear home. In fancy the lowly hut rises before him, calling for repairs without, and replenishing within, that it may resound with the shouts of infantile gladness, and the songs of contented industry and comfort. He sees his faithful companion providing for his return; his children looking out on the far spreading plain, or to the distant hill-top, to catch the first glimpse of their weary father, that they may hasten to welcome his return, and rejoice, with noisy glee, over the fruits of his hard-handed toil. The man who provides a plentiful and pleasant home for his family is one of the noblest works of creation, but he who neglects his household should be classed beneath the brutes that perish.

It is related of Napoleon that he was riding late one day over a field of battle, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly “those evening bells struck up a merry peal.” The Emperor paused to listen; his heart had softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school boy of Braintz, and, dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of a tree, and, to the astonishment of him who relates the circum-

stance, burst into tears. The rock was smitten, and living waters came gushing out. The memories of childhood, the long, far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayers, the voice of a departed play-fellow, the ancient church and schoolhouse, in all their green and hallowed associations, came upon the heart, most clearly in the autumn of life, and seems like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream.

Our forefathers were of the puritan stock; the blood of the MATHERS courses in our veins. Perhaps but few of us retain that stern and uncompromising religion to which they adhered so strictly, but human nature is about the same the world over, and with our fathers as now, although they came over the great waters to escape oppression, and live in the enjoyment of civil and religious freedom, they, in time, became intolerant, and persecuted for opinion's sake. They left their native country for that which they refused to others, and this spirit of oppression still remains in this land called democratic.

Our fathers found this the home of the red man; but alas, where are the original sons of the forests and the natives of the soil? "Lo, the poor Indian." The white man's corn grows on his father's grave; his cattle feed where once his forests stood. Their council fires are forever dead. The white man's poison mixes with their blood and maddens in their veins. They drink the deadly draught the pale face gives, and fall as fall the leaves from off the forest oaks. The malediction of the blighted Indian heart rests on the white man's dwelling, and it will ever be a shadow round his path black as the dreaded thunder, and it will ever feed upon his heart, and revel in the bosoms of his sons. The right to deprive the red man of his home, and drive him from the land of his birth is a question for others to decide; but one thing is certain, their humiliation is complete, and the pages of American history will hereafter be more free from the red records of midnight conflagrations and murder.

To make home happy, pleasant and attractive, we should encourage innocent amusements in the family circle. Americans are not surpassed in their love and patronage of *public* amusements, but there is scarcely a people who cultivate home amusements less. The English are said to be peculiarly given to home amusements, and they are proverbially and beyond doubt a home people. The Englishman clings to his country and its customs with the greatest tenacity. Place him in a garden of Eden, outside of England, and he would turn to the old home-land as the only bright particular spot, most beautiful of earth. The half homeless Frenchman must go into the Cafe, the Theater, or other places of public society. His companions are all abroad. Hence his slender regard for the domestic virtues. My own experience seems to warrant me in saying that Americans are quite too much on the side of the French in regard to their social habits. It is painful to believe that we, as a people, as Americans, should be found wanting in our domestic, social relations. For one, I honor the Englishman for his love of home, which is his first, last, and ever dearest resort. There he rears his shrine, and sets up his idols. He thinks no other place like home, or comparable to it, and he thinks well. So long as home is held dear and sacred we have the basis of the purest and fairest humanity. The secret of the matter is with this people, they cultivate a continual round of national home games and festivities. Delightful and blessed in all their influences are such home amusements; pleasant in their present enjoyment, and dear in their after memory.

They are the paradise of childhood, and the tenderest recollections of age. They can but soften and elevate the heart and refine the mind. Sentiment must be kindlier, and morality purer, fostered by such surroundings. How charming the amenities of such social existence—parents and children, brothers and sisters, mingling from preference in home pleasures, and seeking most to make home happy. This is a spirit of which Americans should be more emulous. We had more of it once, more especially in New England in the days of our youth, but the genius of traffic, money-getting, and restless adventure has well nigh driven it away. We should make it our continual study to have our home the center of all attraction, and our children, and all who come under our care and anxiety, will never leave for the dram-shop and the brothel, those dens of swift destruction which has caused sorrow, deep and heavy, to rest upon the heart of many a fond parent. Home has associated with it the most endearing name in the whole English language—'tis that of "Mother." It melts the most hardened heart. Who has not felt the power of a mother's influence and a mother's love? Who has not seen it softening the indurated heart, making the bold offender bow in gushing tears of sorrow, and sending better thoughts to the soul long steeped in iniquity. I will relate an incident which took place in our country some years since, showing the power of a mother's influence over a wayward and lost son. Previous to the destruction of the Walnut-Street prison, Philadelphia, and before the convicts were removed to Mayamanging, one of our leading philanthropists was permitted to visit it, which he did in 1835, and I will give his own account of his visit and experience.

"Beneath the eastern wing, projecting into the yard of the prison is a long-arched passage, dimly lighted with one or two lamps fastened to the masonry of the wall. Doorways at the side of this long subterranean chamber opened into dark arched cells, where no ray of light but by the door, could find entrance, and where all that is imagined of the solitary and subterranean dungeon holes of feudal castles might be fully realized. Strong, massive chains were fastened to the floor and the grating, and the thick, iron-studded doors now thrown down, showed that an attempt to escape must have been futile. No prisoner has occupied these horrible abodes for nearly forty years. The last prisoner had been thrown in for some crime out of the usual course, and perished miserably without making his voice heard. What must have been the sensations of the poor wretch thus to feel his life passing away in the horrors of famine and darkness."

The upper rooms on Walnut-Street are, we believe, chiefly used for the sick, and so, also, with one or two in the rear. Beyond these, in the upper story, is a series of cells, wherein are confined several prisoners for various degrees of crime and atrocity. We passed to this place over a bridge, and it seemed to us a bridge of sighs. Heavy chains rattled at the doors of the corridors that passed between the range of cells, and numerous heavy bars were removed, and strong locks turned before the iron doors rolled heavy upon their reluctant hinges. We could see through the gratings the miserable prisoner stretched out upon the floor of his narrow abode. Little curious to ascertain what had caused the disturbance, being certain that it could not reach through the iron of his dungeon or suspend the steady, galling operation of the deep and just vengeance of the law. We paused at the grating of a cell, and the gentleman who accompanied us spoke to the inmate. The voice was that of kindness, and it was evident that the

prisoner was used to that tone from the keeper. He stepped forward from the dark rear of the cell and placed himself against the grated door. Ten long years had been passed in durance by this offender against our laws, and a strong iron frame, that had stood up against war and the elements, was yielding as a consequence of inaction. A strong light from an open grate in the passage where we stood, fell on the pallid features of the prisoner, and placed him in bold relief in the dark ground of his unlit cell. The multitude in the yard and work-shops were busy. They seemed little different from the inmates of an alms-house; their number and movements prevented reflection, but here was food for thought. Hope had almost ceased with the man. Sixteen years of his sentence were yet unexpired, and there was scarcely a ground to expect that he would survive that length of time in confinement. With this world thus receding, we questioned him of his hopes of that towards which he was fast hastening. His mind was clouded; there was a lack of favorable early impressions, and he seemed to share in the common feelings of convicts, that his crime had not been more than that of men who had escaped with less punishment; and when we asked him of his sense of guilt toward Him who was yet to be his judge, the poor man confessed his offense, but so mingled that confession with comparisons of crime, that we feared he saw darkly the path of duty. There was no complaint, much humility, much sense of degradation distinguished his speech, and a deep sense of gratitude toward the keeper who accompanied us was manifest in his manner and language. Having answered the questions he put to us on important subjects with what little ability we had, and added that advice which mankind are more ready to give than to follow, we prepared to depart. A slight flush came over the cheek of the prisoner as he pressed his forehead against the bars of his cell, and his hand, which long absence from labor and from light, had blanched to the luster of infancy, was thrust through the aperture, not boldly to seize ours, not meanly to solicit, but rather as if in the hope that accident might favor him with a contact. Man, leprous with crime, is human, and a warm touch of *pity* passes with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears, from that fountain that had long been deemed dried up, fell fast and heavy upon the dungeon floor. The keeper had moved away from the gate, and we were about to follow, when the prisoner said, in a low voice: "One word more, if you please. You seem to understand these things—do the spirits of the departed ever come back to witness the actions and situation of the living?" Many people believe it, we replied, and the Scriptures say that there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth on earth. It may, therefore, be true. "It may be," said the man. "My poor, poor mother!" That fearful imprisonment could not touch him, but when the thought came rushing into his mind that his mother witnessed his situation, his degradation, imprisonment, and sufferings, his heart felt its power, and he bowed before the shrine of that mother's memory, who had watched over him in infancy, and with maternal care and fondness, sought every method to secure his happiness and welfare."

What a flood of recollections come sweeping across the mind at the mention of the name "mother!" From earliest childhood, mature manhood, to old age, when the frosts of many winters has whitened the locks, she it is, ever has been, and ever will be the guiding star of my existence. In the dark days of despair, when the soul is enveloped in the shades of night, what like a mother's hand can rend the veil asunder and let the glad rays of joy into the dark chambers of the

heart, turning despair into hope, and darkness into light. A mother closing the dying eyes of her child, or mourning over her first born, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime.

Thomas H. Benton gives a touching tribute of his mother's influence over him. He says: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco. I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to game, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is winning and who is losing in games that are played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever influences I may attain in life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age, she asked me not to drink, and I then made a resolution of that abstinence at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and I have adhered to it through all time. I owe it to my mother."

The late President, Abraham Lincoln, of whom one writer says approached more nearly to the angelic nature than any other person, women not excepted, retained a vivid impression of his mother's virtues, and a tender feeling of obligation to her. He once said to his partner: "All that I am I owe to my mother."

Should we visit the home of our childhood, we shall find that the progress of the age with its improvements, has destroyed the beauty and interest of that lovely spot, and our mother is not there! She sleeps among the tombs of our fathers. It is but a few years since the magnificent country where I now live, (Illinois,) lay in solitude, the home only of the wild man. The vast prairies now gladden the eye with the habitation of civilized man and the hum of industry. The path of the traveler was indicated by the compass, like the mariner upon the high seas; now the track of the railroad is running in every direction, and at every hour of the day is heard the shrill whistle and the proud tread of the iron horse.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, after many long years of absence from the place of his birth, returned and sought out the old mansion, and as he came up in front of the house, he uncovered his head and stood motionless for an hour. Childhood, with all its happy associations, thrilled his heart and rushed upon his memory, and he felt that he was a child again.

In all my travels over the rich and fertile soil of the great West, I find no hills or valleys to compare with those around my birth-place; no river so interesting as the Souhegan, which ran directly through our father's farm; no college or house for learning ever impressed upon the mind the importance of the old school house on the corner, but which has long since been removed. Many of us will remember the deep snows of winter through which we plodded our way to learn our first lessons at school. Some of us will not have forgotten the old thanksgiving dinner prepared by our now sainted mother. We can *all* say that in our experience in life we have never seen any happiness to surpass that enjoyed around the old fire-side at home. Yes, should we visit the old homestead we shall find that Time has wrought its work there. But few of the old landmarks will be left, and but few, very few, of our youthful associates to point them out to us.

The old pine tree on Whittemore hill, so faithfully rendered in the New Ipswich book, and which has stood against the elements so long, has at last fallen. Its dead and withered trunk has finally given way to the all-destroyer, Time. How sad to think that we shall never again behold the old pine tree! The rocks and the hills are still there

The most happy and interesting scenes of life are experienced in youth, in childhood. Early associations can never be erased from the mind ; they go with us from the rising to the setting sun, from the river to the ends of the earth. And—

“ Oft may the spirit of the *dead* descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;
To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
As heaven and nature opened to their view !
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please ;
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scenes they loved in life so well !”

Nearly a half century has passed away since we left the parental roof, and were scattered over the earth. We now come together laden in years, having passed from childhood to maturity, and on to declining age.

How like the shadow upon the dial, *thought* is ever returning to the place of beginning—where we first began to live—where we first began to love—to the homestead, the play-ground, and the graves of our fathers. Yes, the mind is ever looking back to the days of childhood, that season of real happiness in life's commencement, free from all care and anxiety experienced in after life. Scarcely a day passes in which I am not reminded, in some way, of my early days, when we were all living together at the paternal home. It is many long years since the home-band was broken, and we were scattered like autumn leaves. What sweet memories are now realized by this home group as we turn our thoughts to the old family mansion where we first saw the light of day. For a long time I have felt anxious to once more behold the spot where I roamed in my youth ; to stand upon the ground I trod with infant feet, and gaze on the scenes so familiar years and years ago. We were born among the rocks and hills, and on a sterile soil ; still the mind wanders there, and many of the impressions of that time has served me to the present day. The hardened ruffian, and the abandoned wanton, defying the world's censure, melt into tears at the recollections of their early days ; when all other appeals fail, these rays of sunshine soften and subdue.

We come together, after many long years of absence, in one family group. How changed ! Time has laid his hand upon us all, and the features bear the marks of years. The frosts and snows of many winters has thinned and whitened the locks, yet I trust we have not lived in vain. I feel proud to say that there is no *traitor* among us, and none to sympathize with treason. Where will be found a family of our number who have sacrificed more to rescue our country from a dark and dismal future ? “Palsied be the tongue that ever wags for treason, or the hand that's raised to cut the jugular vein of our glorious commonwealth.”

I am proud of my brothers, and my kindred, whose sons are now sleeping in Southern graves. I rejoice also to know that the demon of the cup has not bound any one of us with its galling chains of iron, and that we have shunned the Dead Sea fruits where millions have died. Not one comes here at this gathering with the palsied and tottering step of the miserable inebriate.

It is true we have lived and moved in humble life ; we are not distinguished in honors, or in wealth. Our names are not written high upon the scroll of fame ; we claim only a life of honest industry, and as we near the shore of the great River, we look back with no feelings of remorse or regret, and when we cross, we hope to be met by our dear loved ones, and the angel hosts that have gone before, with greetings of welcome to the sunny clime. And when we have gone from earth, let it be written upon our tomb-stone, and perhaps some poor African may cast his eye upon the inscription and read: "Here lies the body of one who in life was a friend to the race, and whose hand was never raised to oppress a fellow being, even though his skin were dark and his intellect weak." And as we gaze upon the scene from our high abode, it will add to our pleasure and happiness as we journey on in the Celestial City.

FAMILY RECORD.

EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, Esq., son of Ebenezer, born New Ipswich, N. H., July 19, 1780.

MEHITABLE GOODRIDGE, born Fitchburg, Mass, August 29, 1782.

Married by Rev. D. Chaplain, in Groton, Mass., November 8, 1803.

Children :—

EBENEZER NICHOLS, born New Ipswich, May 8, 1804. Died July 21, 1807.

JONAS CUTLER, born New Ipswich, January 29, 1806.

EBENEZER, born New Ipswich, March 8, 1808.

FRED WM., born New Ipswich, October 18, 1809. Died April 16, 1810.

JULIUS BERESFORD, born New Ipswich, February 12, 1811.

SAMUEL PARKER, born New Ipswich, October 24, 1813.

MARY, born New Ipswich, January 7, 1816. Died March 10, 1816.

ELIZABETH, born New Ipswich, March 9, 1817.

LEWIS CLARK, born New Ipswich, May 19, 1819.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, father of the group, was born 1780, in the farm house owned at the time by his father, and for a long series of years by Benjamin, his brother, now by John Preston, Esq., in New Ipswich, N. H. Of his childhood I can glean but

little, beside his being possessed of a kind and gentle disposition, which he ever manifested during his short life. He inherited the farm adjoining the one where he was born, and resided there until his death. He married MEHITABLE GOODRIDGE, and had nine children; three died young, the others are still living, and are represented in these pages. He died in 1820, of consumption—pale, ghastly consumption—that blighting, withering scourge, which always takes for its victims the fairest and best of earth's inhabitants. In those days the town bell tolled the age of all who died, and when it struck out forty, the people knew very well where the grim messenger had made his call. He was a devoted husband and a kind father; always pleasant and cheerful, striving at all times to make his home the most attractive of all places.

There is but one of this generation now living. His sister, ELIZABETH, (Mrs. Preston,) survives all the others, many years, and at the age of 84, I received an interesting letter from her, written by her own hand. It was remarkably well done, and breathes that affection and kindness towards the children of her brother in the same spirit manifested in her younger days. She was born in the same house where her brother Eben was, and were always affectionate one to the other. Aunt Preston has been an excellent woman; has acted her part in life well and faithfully. Her life has been a noble example of true womanhood, and now, at the time of writing, like the golden grain, fully ripe, is ready for the harvest.

During our father's protracted sickness he was never known to murmur or repine, and as late as the month of August previous to his death, which took place in November, two barns, filled with hay and grain, were struck by lightning and totally destroyed. The loss was very severe, and he at the time prostrate, and in the last stages of his sickness, yet he spoke encouragingly to his children while the devouring flames swept every thing away. I remember of his saying that there would be some way provided, that we should not suffer; and sure enough, in two weeks time a nice large barn occupied the place of the ones consumed, built by the voluntary contributions and labors of the citizens. The writer was not ten years old when this took place, and he has not yet recovered from the shock. A dread and timid feeling comes over me at the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar.

About two years previous to our father's death, a sad calamity took place in the neighborhood, and which cast a deep gloom over the entire place. Two boys, Benjamin Champney and Milo Cragen,

one ten and the other twelve, if my memory serves me right, spent the afternoon at our house in play with the boys. As night approached they left, as we supposed, for their homes, but they went instead, to the river to bathe. Morning came, and the father of Benjamin called in search of his son, who had not been home. Being told that he left a little before night the afternoon previous, for his home, in company with his comrade, the father became overwhelmed with fear that some evil had befallen his boy. A further search proved his fears to be well grounded. On the bank of the river, below the old factory dam, lay the clothes, and in the deep water was found floating the dead bodies of the two boys. Our father took the children to look upon the cold, rigid forms of our young comrades, with whom we were so recently engaged in juvenile sports. This was another shock to the nerves of youth which is as lasting as life. The boy Benjamin, I believe, was a distant relative.

I have a vivid recollection of the imposing Masonic ceremonies which took place at the burial of our father. A deeply solemn tone seemed to pervade the countenances of all who were in the procession. The dazzling regalia, the monotonous music, the measured tread in the funeral march, and the doleful sound of the tolling bell, as it floated away in mid-air, made up a scene of great solemnity, and a lasting impression upon the hearts of us children. And at the grave, the depositing of the sprigs of evergreen after the remains were placed therein, emblematical of immortal life, and of a living faith therein. This was the last of earth.

Our father left six children—five sons and one daughter. Our mother survived him twenty years, and she died June 24, 1840. Her remains, together with those of the three children, are resting beside his own, in what is called the new burying ground, in New Ipswich, not far from the spot where he was born.

JONAS CUTLER, the oldest of the group, married EVELINA B. ALLEN, a native of Boston, Mass., July 14, 1828.

Children:—

EVELINA B., born Danvers, Mass., February 8, 1829.

JONAS A., }
JANE E., } Twins, born Leominster, Mass., November 24, 1831.

FRED W., born Hancock, Mass., August 25, 1833.

ELIZA M., born Hancock, Mass., June 1, 1835.

ORCELIA H., born Hancock, August 9, 1837.

LEWIS A., born Hancock, December 2, 1839. Died at City Point, Va., June 20, 1864.

SARAH A., born South Adams, February 22, 1843.

AUGUSTUS, }
AUGUSTA, } Twins, born South Adams. Augusta died young.

ARMENIA, born South Adams.

EVELINA B., married B. T. SANDERS, of Pittsfield, Mass., June 25, 1848.

Children :—

GEORGE A., born South Adams, December 6, 1849.

CLARENCE E., born South Adams, June 9, 1851.

AUGUSTA E., born South Adams, September 10, 1854.

WILLIS C., }
WILLARD C., } Twins, born South Adams, June 14, 1857.

EVA O., born South Adams, July 11, 1859.

HENRY A., born South Adams, June 1, 1861.

LEWIS A., born South Adams, September 14, 1864.

JONAS A., married KORALIA E. HASKEL, of Montague, Mass., January, 1851, at Lebanon.

Children :—

JANE E., born Lee, Mass., November 22, 1860.

JONAS A., born South Adams, October 8, 1862.

JANE E., married DAVID LEACH, of Manchester, England, May 18, 1854.

Children :—

HERBERT E., born South Adams, July 5, 1855.

FRED W., married ALMIRA J. HAYLE, of Tolborton, Georgia, November 3, 1859.

Children :—

HARRIET B., born Columbus, Ga., November 17, 1860.

MARY L. A., born South Adams, August 30, 1865.



ELIZABETH.

JULIUS B.

JONAS C.

EBENEZER.

SAM^L. P.

LEWIS C.

ELIZA M., married CHAD. FIELD, of Chester, Mass., November 24, 1858.

Children:—

ADELLA M., born South Adams, Mass., October 25, 1860.

FREDDIE A., born South Adams, September 1, 1862.

MINNIE C., born South Adams, July 6, 1864.

ORCELIA H., married LEROY PERKINS, of Burlington, Vt., February 25, 1863.

LEWIS C., married KATE A. LYONS, of Constable, N. Y., October 2, 1862.

Children:—

LEWIS H., born South Adams, July 20, 1863. Died September 30, 1863.

SARAH A., married GEORGE W. DODGE, of Pittsfield, Mass., July 9, 1864.

Children:—

MYRTIE A., born South Adams, April 23, 1865.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

JONAS CUTLER CHAMPNEY, second son, born January 29, 1806. Left home soon after the death of his father, at an early age, to learn the machinist trade, at Dover, N. H. He became one of the most skilful mechanics in the country. He married EVELINA B. ALLEN, and has lived for many years in South Adams, Mass., where he has raised a large family of children. He is known throughout that section of country for his superior skill as a mechanic. The town clock in that village is a specimen of his handiwork, which has beat the time to the inhabitants of that place for many years. It is said to be a rare piece of workmanship. He has sought out many inventions in the mechanical arts, and is still engaged in the building of machinery, and the business of an iron founder.

During the war of the rebellion he had four sons in the Union

army, all the boys he had. Two of them were killed and two survived. One fell at the storming of Petersburg, and the other was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. It is supposed that he died in prison. The remains of LEWIS C. have been received and buried at home, while those of AUGUSTUS sleep in an unknown grave in Southern soil. The following notice is taken from a paper published in Pittsfield, Mass.:

"The remains of corporal L. C. CHAMPNEY, of South Adams, member of Co. A, 12th Regiment, who fell in defense of his country in one of the battles before Petersburg, last June, arrived at South Adams on the 13th, and was buried with military honors on the 15th. He was a brother of Capt. CHAMPNEY, of the 37th Regiment, and was a young man highly respected, and one who had a large circle of friends in Adams. LEWIS went through eight regular battles and sixteen skirmishes, but was finally shot within the breastworks at Petersburg, on the 19th June, and died the next day, aged 24 years and six months."

"His remains have been brought from the far sunny South,
Where, in battle, he fell with the brave.
Midst our own Berkshire hills we have laid him to rest,
Where his young wife can weep o'er his grave;
Or flowers may be planted by a kind sister's hand,
And the gentle winds waft their perfume;
Where a father can look on the grave of his son,
And a mother can mourn at his tomb.

"Oh, how cruel is war, when the noble and brave,
Like our own beloved Lewis must fall,
Who so gallantly rallied our country to save,
But so speedily to find but his pall.
Then weep not, ye dear ones; 'tis an honor to die
While battling for country and right.
We have his *clay* here, but his spirit didst fly
To the mansions of life, love and light."

AUGUSTUS, the youngest son was wounded at Spottsylvania, and was quite lame when he went into his last battle, where he was again wounded and taken prisoner. It has been ascertained by his friends that he died in Poplar Lawn Hospital, at Petersburg, sometime about the 5th of August, 1864, at the age of 17 years. He saved the life of his friend, Mr. Worthy, by fending off the sword of a rebel officer, and running him through with his bayonet, killing him on the spot. The body of AUGUSTUS has not been recovered by his friends, and he fills the grave of a brave and noble boy, among the enemies of his country, where he yielded up his life.

The following lines are inscribed to his mother, in memory of
AUGUSTUS:

"In the sunny South, where the orange blooms,
And flowers fling out their sweet perfumes,
Our youthful champion rests at last,
All hunger, pain and danger past.

"Oh, God! that under skies so bright,
Brave men should languish far from sight,
In prison, with no helping hand,
In this, our glorious Fatherland.

"With none to comfort or to bless,
No mother's smile or fond caress,
No joy, save *dreams* of distant home,
And *visions* where the loved ones come.

"But all is o'er, thy poor form sleeps,
An unknown grave thy dear dust keeps,
Thy spirit dwells mid fadeless bloom,
Confined not by the narrow tomb.

"And war is ended, fighting done,
Rebellion crushed, victory won,
But who shall count the friends that mourn,
Or tell the hearts with anguish torn?

"O, God! we lay before thy throne,
Hearts filled with grief, till now unknown,
O, grant submission to Thy will,
And bid our doubting hearts be still.

"Enable us to see Thy power,
In this our darkest, earthly hour,
Inspire the hope to meet again
Our loved, who was for freedom slain!"

JONAS A., was elected Captain of the Adams and Williamstown Company, in the 37th Massachusetts Regiment, and was in nearly every battle before Richmond and Petersburg; was once wounded with a shell, but remained with the regiment all through its campaign. At the breaking up of the war, he returned home with all honors to himself, having the confidence and love of all under his command, and with the title of Major. In the fall of 1866, he was elected Representative to the State Legislature by the citizens of Adams, Mass.

FRED W. was engaged in the service at one time as chief engineer

of a gun-boat, and was at the taking of New Orleans under Gen. Butler. He has had many hair-breadth escapes during the war. At the breaking out of the war he was at the extreme South, and was a prisoner for being a Union man, but made his escape to the Federal lines, passing through the entire Southern States into Kentucky. He tells his own story in another chapter.

The writer would say to the brothers who have suffered so intensely by the accursed rebellion, that those who sent their sons to the field, must remember that they fought, not for the freedom of their country only, but for the universal liberties of mankind. The blood of these young men, together with thousands of others, has sprinkled afresh the altar of liberty, and their memories, the fame of their noble deeds are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen; and not the soldier alone, but the Republic's *noblest* son, the patriot, statesman and moral hero of unsullied memory, whom all men had learned to love, he, too, has fallen; slain by the hand of a cowardly traitor. ABRAHAM LINCOLN was followed to his grave by a world in tears! There are but few men in our country who have done more for the Union cause than the subject of this brief sketch, according to his means. He not only gave his sons, but of his substance most freely; and he being the eldest of the family, his example is worthy of us all to follow.

EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, born New Ipswich, N. H., March 4, 1808.
 SARAH NICKLES, born Billrica, Mass., March 10, 1811. Married at Lowell, June 17, 1829.

Children :—

SARAH ELIZABETH, born Nashua, N. H., August 21, 1831.

MARY M. G., born Nashua, April 19, 1833.

EBENEZER NICHOLS, born Lowell, May 3, 1834. Died May 23, 1835.

JOHN HOLLAND, born Lowell, November 8, 1836.

CLARISSA E., born Lowell, February 18, 1838.

GEORGE HENRY, born Lowell, July 5, 1841. Died May 16, 1842.

CHARLES FREDERICK, born June 21, 1844. Died March 16, 1848.

FRANCES ELLEN, born June 11, 1846. Died September 14, 1846.

LEWIS EDWIN, born October 15, 1849.

SARAH ELIZABETH, married TIMOTHY ADAMS, of Carlisle, April 23, 1853.

Children :—

TIMOTHY EBENEZER, born January 7, 1857.

BENJAMIN STEPHEN, born December 19, 1859.

CATHARINE MARIA, born August 25, 1861.

FLORA ELIZABETH, born December 21, 1865.

MARY M. G., married A. G. MUNROE, of Marlow, N. Y., December 9, 1853.

Children :—

MARY ADELINE, born September 19, 1856.

EDWIN CHAMPNEY, born February 4, 1858.

SARAH L., born April 12, 1859.

JOHN HOLLAND, married ELIZABETH R. HEALD, of Carlisle, August 22, 1857.

Children :—

ADRIANA ELIZABETH, born February 11, 1858.

ANNA BELLE, born September 17, 1860.

CLARISSA E., married MARSHALL M. MASON, of Concord, Mass., February 7, 1859.

Children :—

LEWIS F., born May 25, 1861.

Brother EBEN writes :

CARLISLE, Mass., January 21, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER :—

Yours of the 9th was received, and I hasten to comply with your request. My family history will be brief and uninteresting, but will give a sketch of my own life since leaving the old homestead. I believe it was about the year 1823, that I left home, and for quite a number of years I did not remain in any one place for any length of time; but in the fall of 1828, I arrived in Lowell, where I commenced work in the machine shop, as I had previously obtained some knowledge of that business. On the 17th of June following, I married my wife, SARAH NICKLES. In 1830, business at the shop became depressed, and I went to

Nashua, N. H., but in 1833, moved back to Lowell, and remained there until the fall of 1849. In the meantime I was what was called one of the job hands—a contractor for building machinery. I then, in '49, purchased a farm in this town, and moved here, where my family have remained ever since. I have had much sickness in my family, mostly with the children; have buried four, and have five living. The youngest, a boy living at home, is the only one unmarried. JOHN, my oldest, was a volunteer in the Andrew Sharp-Shooters. During the war, he was through the Peninsular campaign, at South Mountain, Antietam, Fredricksburg and Gettysburg; under Gen. Burnside, during which time he contracted a disease for which he was honorably discharged, after serving two years. As he went before bounties were offered, he got nothing but his wages as a private.

Since my residence here, I have been honored with offices of trust by my fellow townsmen—was twice elected on the Board of School Committee; two years as one of the Selectmen and Assessors, and once as Overseer of the Poor. But for the past few years, I have positively refused having my name used in connection with any office.

When the idea was first proposed for a family gathering, although it met my entire approbation, I had my doubts about its consummation; and still later, when all seemed to acquiesce in the plan, and a time set, still, when I reflected how widely we were separated, and how little correspondence had been kept up between us, I could not help feeling that some one would be absent. You may judge, then, how the result affected me. There we were, all together, after so long a separation—all bearing unmistakable marks of the time when last together! I confess my feelings so overcame me that I could not speak on that occasion. I know it was a weakness, but I could not overcome it. When I attempted to speak, my thoughts would go back to the days of our childhood, and follow our past history, resting heavily upon recent events. Here sat brother SAM, and the last time I saw him, previous to this, he had three promising sons—the two oldest just merging into manhood, upon whom he was looking fondly for comfort and solace in the future. Alas, their seats were vacant—and this was not all; had they sickened and died at home, under the care of a devoted mother, or kind friends; or even had they been killed outright on the field of battle, the shock to the feelings of their parents and friends would have been somewhat softened. Then, brother JONAS—he, too, lost two sons, although not in so terrible a manner, still they were killed in battle. Many thousands have suffered, perhaps as severely since the rebellion broke out, but these are cases that come home to ourselves, and we are obliged to feel the reality. All these things, I say, would, in spite of me, crowd upon the mind—and being of a very sympathetic temperament, you can understand why I broke down as I did; however, the meeting I look upon as one of the most pleasant pages of my life.

The visit to the old homestead, the look into each room where we used to live when our own father and mother were with us, was a treat not soon to be forgotten. The visit to cousin ABBY, was one long to be remembered. The kindness and hospitality of herself and husband, and the entire household, created an impression that will go with me while memory lasts. The call at cousin JOHN PRES-ron's was very interesting also. Although it was sad to see him in the situation he was, I verily believe that nine persons out of ten, placed in the same condition, would not have survived. I am truly glad to hear that he is recovering, and hope

that he may be spared to his good family for many years to come. I feel a strong affection for him and his.

Our stay at New Ipswich was too limited. There were many places I should like to have visited that we hardly thought of while there in company with the whole family. Very likely we shall never meet together again upon this earth. We are widely separated, and getting well into years.

There is one thing I should have mentioned in its appropriate place:—the reception at the house of brother SAM. I feel very grateful to him, and his wife and family, for the very kind and generous entertainment they bestowed upon us while there. Those acts of kindness will be treasured up in my memory, never to be eradicated while life and consciousness remain. Our children who were there, call it one of the most pleasant visits they ever experienced. By the way, I was looking over some old papers in my possession, and found a certificate from Abner Kneeland, certifying that Eben'r Champney was admitted a member of the Universalist Church in Charlestown, of which he, (Mr. Kneeland,) was pastor, dated 1812. I would here mention the fact, as a matter of history, that when William Lloyd Garrison began to lecture in the city of Boston, about forty years ago, in behalf of the anti-slavery movement, no church would open its doors to him with the exception of Abner Kneeland, who invited him to speak from his desk, which he did.

I have nothing more to write. I am not an adept at writing, being much out of practice, and will close, hoping that the remainder of our lives may be so spent that we may look back with a conscience void of offense toward God and man. May brotherly love and good will be with us while we remain here.

EBENEZER CHAMPNEY.

JULIUS B. CHAMPNEY.

JULIUS BERESFORD CHAMPNEY and family.

SARAH P. BRADFORD, born Duxbury, Mass., June 13, 1813.

Married in Roxbury, Mass., September 10, 1833.

Children:—

JULIUS JACKSON, born Black Rock, N. Y., June 30, 1836. Died July 11, 1836.

OSCAR BRADFORD, born Black Rock, N. Y., May 30, 1837.

HELEN MARION, born Niagara Falls, N. Y., December 30, 1838. Died, July 15, 1839.

EDGAR LEWIS, born Niagara Falls, N. Y., December 30, 1838. Died November 19, 1844.

Mrs. CHAMPNEY died January 16, 1850.

Married CONTENT ALMY, of Fall River, Mass., June 29, 1850.

Children:—

RUTH ANNA, born September 23, 1852. Died in Peru, Ill., March 30, 1864.

JULIUS BERESFORD, born February 2, 1855. Died Peru, November 4, 1861.

ABBY PARKER, born February 7, 1857. Died in Peru, February 16, 1864.

MARY A. LIVERMORE, born April 3, 1859.

LIZZIE PRESTON, born October 26, 1862. Died August 31, 1863.

FRANK PRESTON, born Peru, Ill., December 29, 1864.

OSCAR BRADFORD, married JULIA CUSHMAN, of Duxbury, Mass., August 23, 1863.

Children:—

SARAH CUSHMAN, born March 4, 1865.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

JULIUS BERESFORD CHAMPNEY born February 12, 1811. Lived at home until 13 years of age, when the homestead was rented, and I was sent to live on a farm in Temple, for one year. Mother was married during this year, to Mr. BIGELOW, and removed to Leominster, Mass., where she resided until the year 1837, and the young flock was scattered abroad. I shall never forget that long, dreary year of servitude and separation from the family. How my young heart beat when my year was up and I was on my way home to see mother and the children. The larks that sing in the home-hedge was no happier than I.

At the age of 16, it was thought best that I should learn the same trade of my older brothers, and I commenced my apprenticeship with brother Jonas, who at that time was foreman of an establishment for building machinery, but I subsequently finished my trade with an old New Ipswich neighbor, James Chandler, in Lowell, Mass. In my last visit to the place of my nativity, I forgot to mention the call made to Mr. Chandler and his venerable mother, now near a hundred years old. I shall remember them in gratitude for favors received in my early life.

I was married in 1833, to SARAH P. BRADFORD. She died in

1851, leaving one child. Married same year CONTENT ALMY. The family record will be found in another place. Soon after my first marriage I became engaged in Railroad service, and remain so still. From the year 1845 to 1855, I held the office of master mechanic on the Fall River and Boston Railroad, and a similar position since that time on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. The reminiscences of those years spent in Fall River, are extremely pleasant. It is a pleasure to know that one shares in the confidence and esteem of his fellow men. I was honored with a seat in the Board of Aldermen at the first municipal election in that city. This is the highest position, politically, I have ever reached, or ever aspired to. I have always been of the opinion that—

“He who makes politics a trade,
And struggles for the spoil,
Had better take the spade,
And shovel in the soil.”

In 1855, I removed to Illinois, where I still reside. At the breaking out of the rebellion, my son, OSCAR, volunteered at the first call of the President for men. How many there are who can relate tales of sorrow and of suffering caused by this unholy war! I must tell my own story of my soldier-boy, who volunteered to fight in his country's cause. OSCAR first enlisted in Capt. Coate's company, of LaSalle, then organizing at that place; but, on account of the rush of men to arms, the quota for that vicinity was filled before the company was ready, and consequently not accepted. The company was then disbanded, subject to call, and subsequently filled up, organized, and entered the field. So determined was OSCAR to enter the service, that he walked over to Granville, in Putnam county, about nine miles from LaSalle, where a company was being formed to fill the quota of that county, and enlisted with Capt. Frisbee. The company was called the “Putnam County Rifle Guards.” What better name could the company have chosen? Whose heart does not thrill with patriotic zeal at the sound of that name, “Putnam?”

This company started for Peru, the nearest point to a railroad station, on the morning of May 11, 1861, in wagons, accompanied by all of the citizens within the range of seven or eight miles. On arriving on the opposite bank of the Illinois river, on which Peru is situated, the procession halted and partook of a bountiful repast furnished by the ladies, who are ever thoughtful for the soldiers

welfare. The company was received at Peru with enthusiasm, and all the needful preparations of speeches, music and cheering that was customary on such occasions, and the company embarked for Joliet, where was formed the regiment to which the company was attached—the 20th regiment of Illinois infantry. For nearly a year he stood up under the hardships and exposures of camp life remarkably well, but at length sickness came upon him. Typhoid fever brought him down, and he suffered for a time in a soldier's hospital, came home on furlough, and recruited his health so far as to be able to return to his regiment at Pittsburg Landing, where he arrived on Thursday previous to that terrific battle. When the news came of that horrible slaughter, I knew my boy was engaged. Days and weeks passed before any word came from that battlefield in regard to the killed and wounded. His name, as reported in the Chicago daily papers, was so far from being right, that it was not recognized by his friends. At length a neighbor received a letter from her son, who belonged to the same company, stating that two members of company H, 20th regiment, were killed, and that OSCAR CHAMPNEY was one of them. I could not doubt the truth of this, coming as it did from one of his own company, and an intimate associate—therefore I believed him dead. Being anxious to know the particulars, I made arrangements to go down to the field of battle. It was Saturday, and I was to leave on Monday. But that night, at the still hour of midnight, when deep sleep held all except myself in its fastness and repose, a loud rap came upon the door, and a well-known voice called, "*Father! father! it is me! it is me!*" A moment and my soldier-boy, whom I had mourned as dead, stood before me! Yea, my son that was dead, was alive again! The whole household came rushing to see him. His little sisters clung to his neck, crying, "My brother! Oh, my brother! you were not killed!—How glad we are that you are home again."

He was wounded by a musket-ball through the right thigh, and came home by way of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, in one of the hospital boats. *Cold water alone* saved his leg and his life. There was no feasting or dancing, but joy and gladness ruled the household. In consequence of his wound and ill-health, he was honorably discharged, after nearly two years service.

Of my life thus far, I can cheerfully say that it has been more pleasant than otherwise, notwithstanding the frequent and imbitter-

ing calls by the death messenger, snatching away the loved idols of the household.

Wealth has not been lavish of her favors towards me. Her smiles have never rested, particularly, upon any member of the family, yet we have all managed to keep the wolf from the door, and at a respectful distance.

In politics I am classed with the radicals, and that is fair, because *there* is where I belong. A descendant of the puritans could not well go in any other direction.

Of religion, I make no professions, but most firmly believe in God and immortality. It is well known that my faith is not exactly in harmony with that of the COTTONS and MATHERS, yet I have thought intensely upon this subject during my life-time; still, I am no sectarian. This is a progressive world, and I know of no stopping-place.

From my boyhood to the present day, I have been heart and hand in the temperance reform, and I flatter myself that I have not labored wholly in vain. A few years since, I met an associate of early days, after a long intermission, and he frankly told me that he had ever been a staunch temperance man, and was indebted to me for the resolutions he formed while we were companions together. I do not relate this little incident in the spirit of boasting, but to show that we all have an influence, and even at times when we are not aware of it. I am fifty-six years of age, and have never yet had a suit at law! I make no use of intoxicating drinks, or tobacco, in any form whatever. My beverage is drawn from the well, and I believe nature has provided all that is required for man, as well as beast, in this particular.

The most remarkable event perhaps in my whole life, is that of undertaking to write a book! Could I but wield the pen with the same confidence I can mould and put together the ponderous engine, with its wonderful power, I should not feel that reluctance in coming before a reading community. I shall therefore look for and expect that charity from friends, and strangers, too, which passes tenderly over the errors and imperfections of mankind.

Finally, during my sojourn here, I have been led to form a character which, at least, has enabled me to respect myself, even though I may have failed to gain the approbation of others.

SAMUEL P. CHAMPNEY.

SAMUEL PARKER CHAMPNEY, born October 24, 1813.

SUSAN ADAMS, born July 28, 1814.

Married, October 10, 1837.

Children:—

PRESTON ADAMS, born February 23, 1841. Died August 11, 1864, in Andersonville prison.

SAMUEL GOODRICH, born January 8, 1843. Died October 10, 1864, at quarantine, N. Y., of yellow fever.

SUSIE MEHITABLE, born December 16, 1846. M. Goodrich, of Fitchburg.

EBEN FREMONT, born September 7, 1850.

SAMUEL P. writes from—

SAUNDERSVILLE, Mass., March 18, 1866.

Of my father, I remember but little; but for once, I have recollected him always. It was the night before his death, in the east chamber, when he called me to his bed-side, and taking me by the hand, he said: "Samuel, I am going to leave you. Now, I want you to always be a good boy." How little I realized the importance of that short sentence; yet how often have my thoughts recurred to it in after years. Leaving home at the age of nine years, how little did I realize what I was leaving behind!

I went to live with Samuel Smith, Esq., of Peterboro, who was a relative of our mother, distant about ten miles, where I lived two years, as errand-boy, or flying attendant for the household. At the expiration of the two years, it was thought best that I should learn a trade, and accordingly I went to work with Sydney Smith, a son of Esquire Samuel, in a paper-mill. Here I remained three years, until the proprietor failed, and the business stopped. From this time I had no permanent abiding place until the year 1832, when I concluded to learn the watch and jewelry business, with John Bigelow, at Framingham, Mass. Here I found a home-place and was contented. A beautiful town, good society, the young people united, agreeable, social, and intellectual.

As soon as I had my trade learned, Mr. Bigelow opened a shop in Grafton, and wished me to take charge of it, which I did, and at the expiration of my apprenticeship, I bought one-half of the stock and went into business with Mr. Bigelow. At the end of two years I found the copartnership insolvent, and my next business was to dissolve, which was done. Previous to this, however, I had formed another co-partnership with SUSAN ADAMS, a daughter of Oliver Adams, of Worcester.

We lived in Grafton until the fall of 1839, and the following spring we moved to Worcester, where I had previously opened a shop. We lived in this city until

1857. Moved to our present location, which we designate Fremont, in the same year, where we hope to pass the remainder of our days. I would say here, that if my first partnership was unfortunate, my second has proved quite the reverse. In my yearly visits to mother, I always passed through New Ipswich, and every time I stopped at uncle Preston's, to see Thomas, the pleasures of which were second only to home.

At the breaking out of the war, and at the first call of the President for men, in defense of the Capital, PRESTON volunteered in the Rifle Battalion, came home at the expiration of their time, re-enlisted in the 25th Massachusetts, and went out as corporal. Was in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newburn, Goldsboro, and others. Was promoted to second sergeant, was detailed into the signal corps, and at the time of his capture, was in charge of Beach Grove Station. Was carried to Belle Isle, and from there to Americus, Ga., and from there to that place of all horrors, Andersonville, where he fell a victim, like thousands of others, to untold tortures, and died, suffering all the agonies of starvation. His remains have been identified, and we shall soon receive them—for which favor, God bless Carrie Barton.

SAMUEL GOODRICH enlisted in the 25th Massachusetts regiment, August 7, 1862, and becoming enfeebled and unfit for field duty, was detailed as clerk for Capt. James, in Newbern, N. C., in which capacity he served until the expiration of his term of service. On his return with his regiment, he was attacked with yellow fever, and died at quarantine, N. Y. Thus has two of our first-born been taken from us in the very bloom of life. They have gone to their rest—blessed be the name of God forever!

ELIZABETH CHAMPNEY.

ELIZABETH CHAMPNEY and family.

DANIEL COBURN, born Dracutt, Mass., September 14, 1819.

Married at Lowell, December 15, 1843.

Children :—

HENRY, born in Lowell, Mass., October 5, 1844.

ELLEN, born in Dracutt, Mass., August 27, 1846.

LIZZIE PRESTON, born Lowell, Mass., May 10, 1849.

MARY FRANCES, born Lowell, December 15, 1850.

EMMA CHAMPNEY, born South Windham, Me., January 9, 1859.

ELIZABETH remained at home until the death of her mother, and afterwards married DANIEL COBURN, of Lowell, Mass., and has four children. Mr. COBURN is a mechanic also, and a master workman, and holds a prominent position in that busy city. His

services are always in demand, he being very skilful in designing, planning, erecting mills, and the operating of machinery.

ELIZABETH writes :

LOWELL, Mass., April 15, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER: —

If I am not too late, I would give a brief genealogy of the family on our mother's side; and as your book is more for the benefit of the younger generation, I will give what little I have in relation to our mother's antecedents. Being in Fitchburg last week, I took a little pains to collect what I could during the short time I was there.

You well know that our mother's maiden name was **MEHITABLE GOODRIDGE**, and that she was born in Fitchburg, or what is now called South Fitchburg. She was born in 1782, and the house in which she was born is still standing, and in good condition, having been repaired quite recently. Her father, **JOHN GOODRIDGE**, was the son of **DAVID GOODRIDGE**, who settled in Fitchburg at a time when the Indians were very troublesome. At one time, his cow not coming home as usual at night, he left the next morning on horseback, in search of her, and was surprised by an Indian suddenly starting up in the path in front of him, who commanded him to surrender. He immediately turned his horse in order to retreat, when lo! another Indian, completely armed, faced him, to cut off his retreat in that direction. He then made a circuit, aiming to come down the hill. The savage ran in a direct line to cut him off again. It was a fair race, but the horseman gained upon the footman, and as Goodridge passed in front, the savage, thinking he could not take him alive, fired, but fortunately, owing to the rapidity of Goodridge's motion, or some other cause, missed his mark. He had the river to ford at the foot of the hill, which he did. The leaps of the horse down the hill were measured and found to be eighteen feet. In his flight, Goodridge lost his hat, and the Indians secured it as a trophy. About ten years after this, in the succeeding war, an Indian was captured somewhere on the Connecticut river, with the identical hat of Deacon David Goodridge on his head, not much the worse for wear. David Goodridge died January 13, 1786, and was buried in the now "old burying-ground" in Fitchburg. His wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Martin, died March 7, 1764, and was buried in the old burying-ground in Lunenburg.

Philip Goodridge, the father of David, died 1797, aged 84; and Philip Goodridge, the father of the above-named Philip, and grandfather of David, was born in Newbury, and died at Lunenburg, January 16, 1728, aged 60, and buried in the old burying-ground, and, as the inscription says, was the first person buried there. The inscription also says that he was the second son of Joseph and Martha Goodridge, of Newbury. The above Joseph and Martha had three sons settled in Lunenburg, from which sprung the different families of that name in that section. They are supposed to have originated in Wales. The name of our grandmother was **DESIRE NICHOLS**, of Leominster, died January 18, 1788, aged 32 years, 10 months and 11 days. Grandfather had a second wife, named **PRUDENCE BUTLER**, daughter of Deacon Butler, of Leominster, who died November 13, 1830, aged 73 years.

I remember something of Major **JOHN GOODRIDGE**, our grandfather. He was a

revolutionary hero—was in that ever renowned battle of Bunker Hill, and was a pensioner from the days of President Jackson. He was quite a military man in his younger days; was a Major in the militia, and was always called by that title. In the year 1824, he attended the celebration at Boston and Charlestown, of the 17th of June, and was dressed in a portion of the uniform which he wore in the battle, together with the powder horn, the bottom of which was shot away in that desperate conflict. Here the veterans met the noble Gen. Lafayette, and I doubt whether there has ever been a more interesting celebration in our country since that eventful day. Those patriots and heroes came together after a separation of fifty years, and what a day of rejoicing it was! I have often listened with delight to hear grandfather relate the incidents of that occasion. You are aware that he was one of the minute men, so called, in the war of the Revolution, and responded promptly to the call at that time. And at the time the British evacuated Boston, after peace had been declared, he said it was the hardest part for him to stand and see them sail out of the harbor without giving them a few shots for their impudence; but it was a part of the agreement for them to leave unmolested, and so they went.

Major JOHN GOODRIDGE, our grandfather, died April 24, 1834, aged 79 years. His body rests in the cemetery at the foot of Roulstone, in Fitchburg, a hill famous in history. His daughter, Mrs. Cowdin, still lives in her native town, and was present at our family gathering, healthy and active, in her eightieth year.

I would say that I have written the name as it was done in olden time, but it has long since been spelled "Goodrich," instead of *Goodridge*.

LEWIS C. CHAMPNEY.

LEWIS C. CHAMPNEY and family.

MARY E. BALL, born Holden, Mass., April 15, 1824.

Married April 18, 1846.

Children:—

MARY ADELLA, born Troy, N. Y., March 9, 1847.

ELIZABETH ELLA, born Troy, N. Y., July 4, 1849.

JULIUS W., born Troy, January 4, 1851. Died January 5, 1855.

EMMA R., born Troy, N. Y., February 27, 1853.

FRANCES J., born Troy, N. Y., January 8, 1859.

RICHARD L., born Lansingburg, N. Y., June 19, 1859. Died June 19, 1859.

HARVEY YOUNG, born Lowell, Mass., April 20, 1860. Died July 22, 1860.

Brother LEWIS writes:—

TROY, N. Y., February 25, 1866.

DEAR BROTHER JULIUS:—

Yours of last week was duly received by me, and, in answer to your request, that as you were about publishing a history of our family, suggested at the family gathering at brother SAMUEL CHAMPNEY's, in Grafton, Mass., I forward this brief sketch of my life, as a slight contribution to the book, which will be valued by our posterity for generations to come.

I am one of those chosen few, whose stream of life has moved quietly along. Nothing has occurred that would adorn the pages of romance, or perhaps even excite interest in a stranger; but I have endeavored to follow the example of a Christian mother, and consequently there is nothing in my life I am ashamed to have known. While I was at the tender age of eighteen months, our father departed from Time into Eternity. Thus I was deprived of a father's protection and council, which should be so highly prized in the journey through life. When but four years old, our mother broke up keeping house, and I, with my sister ELIZABETH, were sent to live with Mrs. Spaulding, in Groton, where we remained two years, during which time our mother married a Mr. BIGELOW, of Leominster, Mass., a widower, with eight children. We then went to our new home, making quite a large family. The relations being unpleasant, at the end of four years I departed for Peterboro, N. H., where I obtained a situation at Esquire Sam. Smith's, and received my board and clothes for my services. Ever shall I remember the encouraging words and kind advice my dear mother bestowed on me, with her earnest prayer for my welfare. My brother JONAS accompanied me, but on arriving at my destination, I was left alone with strangers. Separated from all I held dear, at the early age of ten years, my feelings can better be imagined than described; but as I received good treatment, I became reconciled. My education has been sadly neglected. Very unfortunately for me, Mr. Smith failed in business, and was unable to procure the necessary help, and the school being at a great distance, it was not always convenient for me to go, consequently my attendance was very irregular, and I lost all interest. In two years and six months, I saved three dollars from the pennies which the visitors gave me for "running of errands," and having obtained sufficient funds, I determined to gratify my long-cherished desire to visit home, a distance of over thirty miles. A neighbor offered to loan me a little black horse for a dollar for two weeks, which I accepted, and after having procured the consent of Mr. Smith, I commenced my journey on horseback. I must have presented a rather ludicrous appearance, as I rode along, the wind blowing furiously, playing sad havoc with my old-fashioned long plaid cloak, which I vainly endeavored to keep around me. The second day I arrived home, and, to my great disappointment, found the house empty. They had gone to the muster at Fitchburg. I immediately followed them, and they were all surprised to see me. My vacation passed rapidly and pleasantly away, and it was with reluctance that I returned to Peterboro. In six months I went to live with brother EBEN, in Nashua, N. H. Afterwards I worked on a farm for Mr. Dexter, for \$8.00 a month; remained until I procured a situation in Boston, in the family of Mr. Joseph Coolage, in Boudwin Square. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. I was then sixteen years old. I next apprenticed myself

to my brother SAMUEL, in Grafton, to learn the watch-makers and jewelers trade. I afterwards went to Niagara and pursued the same employment. While there my mother died very suddenly. It was a terrible shock to me. She was a very superior woman; and although she made no professions, yet she possessed all those attributes that constitute a true Christian. She corresponded with me until the time of her death, and her letters always breathed words of affectionate encouragement and wise counsel, which I never recall but with love and reverence.

In 1840, I went to Worcester, to learn the daguerreotype business, which I pursued for three years, then abandoned it and went to Troy, and was employed by Geo. Fisher in the jewelry business, which I have since followed. I became a partner, and then the proprietor of the establishment. I applied the strictest attention to my trade, and have endeavored to perfect myself in it. I married MARY BALL in 1846, and settled in Troy; was very successful in business transactions, and accumulated quite a fortune. In 1859, I became interested in a patent clock, and took up my residence in Boston. The wicked rebellion soon burst upon us, and the country being so agitated by the civil war, was unfavorable for receiving new inventions, business was suspended, and thus I lost my many years earnings. In 1862, I returned to Troy, and received a hearty welcome from my old friends and customers; have resumed my former business, and am doing well, satisfied that when one is engaged in a good business, never to abandon it for an uncertainty, however flattering. I am blessed with four daughters, the eldest eighteen, who graduates this year at Mrs. Willard's Seminary, and I hope to be able to give the others equal advantages, for I am ambitious to educate and accomplish them that they may be prepared to occupy any position in society.

Have lost three sons, two of whom died in infancy. JULIUS, the idol of all my earthly hopes, was a remarkably beautiful child, and attracted the attention and admiration of every one. When he was about two years and a half old, he was stolen from us; was discovered in the hands of a savage looking sailor, who probably intended to take him to sea; then perhaps we would always have remained in ignorance of his fate. To our excessive joy he was recovered, and rendered doubly dear to us from his narrow escape. But he was not long destined to remain with us, and realize all the bright anticipations that dreams and hopes of fond parents had entwined around his brow, but was snatched from us by the relentless hand of death, when he had just completed his fourth year, leaving a void in the family heart that time has never been able to fill.

I will now conclude this short autobiography with the earnest wish that the greater advantages bestowed on our children, will enable them to perform a more important part in the theater of life, and in a manner to reflect honor on the honest name of their ancestors.

Your affectionate brother,

L. C. CHAMPNEY.

THE FAMILY MANSION.

The old homestead is interesting beyond description. Childhood's home among the hills, memory makes immortal. How often I recall it in the journey of life! What emotions of thought spring up towards that precious spot where I first saw the light of heaven! The old house, barn, door-yard, orchard, and the *cider-mill*. Who can ever forget that important institution, as it stood and flourished a half century ago? And—

“What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt,
As throb electric 'long a straw,
When boyish lips the cider draw.

And I lean at times, in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;
And sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny door of the cider-mill.”

The great tall maples, the stone wall, and the berries that grew along by its side; the fragrant roses and lilacs that grew in the front yard; the currants in the garden; the green fields in spring-time, and fallow leaf at autumn; the monstrous drifts of snow in winter, at times with a crusty surface, and so happily improved; the horses and cattle, and little bleating lambs, leaping and frolicking in their happy innocence, together with the joyful converse at the fire-side, with its thousands of kindly associations—all these return to me as I look upon that blessed old mansion, and the place of my boyhood—and, in spite of me, it masters the heart and moistens the eye.

The one we called father, who moved at the head, paled and died, leaving us in early childhood. The angel of that household, whom we called “mother,” reposes by his side, in the same calm sleep. We were scattered abroad to find new homes, and the old house and all passed into other hands; but the recollections are forever dear, and the councils and reproofs received under that roof have ever been regarded, are still binding, and will always remain a guide to my footsteps.

The summer of youth has indeed passed away, and wasted into the shadows and nightfall of age; yet how pleasant to look back, through the mist and maze of time, to the home-circle, gathered around the old fire-side, and view, in the twilight of life, the sunny spots we have passed through. As we advance in life, the scene grows brighter and more beautiful.



The Family Mansion.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

In the flight of time, each year obliterates some sign of the past. Ancient landmarks fall beneath the unerring march of time. The links which bind us to the past are daily becoming less. In our last visit to our early home and birth-place, we noticed the *Old Pine Tree* was missing. The old veteran has at last fallen. From early infancy to mature manhood, from the dawn of life to old age, has the old tree been a land-mark to the inhabitants of New Ipswich. Alone it stood, from age to age, on Whittemore Hill, braving the elements. Never could we cast our eye south from the old mansion without seeing it. It was as familiar to the sight as the old willow that grew in the barn-yard at home. We shall never behold its like again. But let us cherish and perpetuate its memory by recording the following lines, written by one who knew its history well. I copy from the *Farmer's Cabinet*, my father's family newspaper, and the only paper known in all that region of country a half century since. The *Cabinet* was established November 2, 1802, and the poem appeared May 2, 1860.

It was in this office that Geo. W. Kendall, formerly editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, and lately a wool-grower of Texas, and Horace Greely, of the *New York Tribune*, served their apprenticeship, under the late venerable Richard Boylston. Both were natives of Amherst, N. H. I was in the office of the *Farmer's Cabinet* once when a boy. It was before mails were established between the towns, and not even stages were running at that time, so the inhabitants took turns in going after the paper. Being old enough to drive a horse, and do errands on the way, I performed that duty once myself. Whether I saw the boys, Kendall and Greely, I cannot say.

[For the Cabinet.]

THE OLD PINE TREE.

In a late number of the *Cabinet*, a correspondent announces that the old pine tree, which "for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," had stood solitary and alone upon the summit of Whittemore Hill, in New Ipswich, has at last succumbed and fallen, never to rise again.

To many whose childhood homes the old tree overlooked, or who, in later years, when revisiting their native town, have sat on the stone wall by its barkless trunk and feasted the eye upon the wide-spread rural landscape, pictured in beauty below, the news of its prostration has come like evil tidings, and has struck a sad chord in their hearts, even as if it had been the death of a grandfather or great uncle.

“Old age and lightning, and the winds of heaven
Have conquered thee at last, and thou art fallen !
Thou, who has stood alone upon the hill-top,
And battled for a century or more
With all the elements; laughed at the storm,
Defied the tempest, struggled with decay;
Thou, who hast stood a faithful sentinel,
And daily watched the comings and the goings
Of three whole generations of a town
Spread out below thee as a panorama;
Thou, whose erect and solitary form,
Firm, patient, hardy and unconquerable,
Hath cheered the eye and nerved the soul
Of many a faltering youth gazing upon thee;—
Like all the joys of life which have their roots
Only in earth, thou too at last art fallen !
The proud old hill that wore thee for a plume,
Hath lost the badge which in the smoky distance
Singled it out from all the other hills
Of meaner note and non-commissioned rank,
Country surveyors in the neighboring towns
Shall never sight again to thy straight trunk
To test their compasses; and the full moon
To boyish eyes never shall rise again
Looking so wondrous large thro’ thy big branches;
Low clouds at morn no more shall get entangled
Among thy crooked limbs; nor the bright sunbeams
Linger at eve upon thy stately form.
No more shall youthe from academic halls
Rest from laborious recreation
Beneath thy shaggy awning. Never more
In thy cool shade lover and maid shall sit
And talk of hopes, which like thyself, too soon
May perish and their place be desolate.
Thy shape and figure may appear in dreams,
But never more the waking eye behold thee.
The town hath lost a landmark, and her sons
Returning from afar, with grief shall miss thee.
And they shall climb the steep and rugged hill,
And walk in sadness where thy shadow rested,
And shall say, “Here stood the Old Pine Tree!
Here its long branches waved a hundred years,
Through rain and sunshine, and through heat and cold;
It looked upon the same meandering streams,
The same bold hills, and the same modest valleys
Which greet our vision now. Wachusett stood
A cold blue mountain to the southward,
Watatic smiled benignant nearer by,

And old Monadnock's narrow pinnacle
 Peered over the summit of the western hills.
 Souhegan river kept its placid course,
 Marked by a white mist in the early morn,
 And the broad eastern landscape stretched afar,
 Almost to the brink of the great ocean.
 Upon all these the Old Pine Tree hath looked ;
 But now, alas ! alas ! it looks no more.
 Nothing is left of all its former greatness,
 It is gone—all gone !"

And so, Old Tree, farewell !
 I cannot trust my heart its full lament,
 Lest strangers should rebuke my honest grief.
 Too many old associates cling
 Around thy ever cherished memory.
 Too many happy years of youth rise up
 At every mention of thy name. For though
 Far off from native haunts I've strayed, thy shape
 Is written on my recollection now,
 Indelibly as are the lineaments
 Of my own mother ; thy configuration
 Set up against the distant clear blue sky,
 Is as familiar to my mental eye
 As are the seven stars of the Great Dipper ;
 For thou kept watch over my boyhood years.
 The road-side where I played ; the broad green lawn,
 When, with my palm-leaf hat in hand, I chased
 Great butterflies in June ; the trees I climbed ;
 The meadows where I fished ; the tangled woods
 Where I set snares for hares and partridges ;
 And last, not least, the old brick school-house, where
 I learned the alphabet, and thought myself
 At once a man of letters ;—thou, Old Tree,
 Looked down perpetually on all these scenes.
 Then why may I not shed one tear for thee ?
 Farewell ! If all who for long years have lived
 Within the circle of thy watchful care
 When they depart, shall leave to history
 As brave a record, and as pure a fame
 As thou hast earned, the lesson of thy life
 Hath not been lost, and thou mayest well be named
 A Public Benefactor !

T. P.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April, 1860.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

The cut here given is a true picture of the old farm house which was built by our grandfather, and which, together with the farm, was inherited by his son Benjamin, and for a long time owned by him, but finally has passed into the hands of cousin John Preston. It is the birth-place of our father and aunt Preston, and for this reason the house has a peculiar attraction to us. I am informed by the present owner, that in 1768, while our grandfather resided in Groton, he purchased of Elizabeth Dutton, 25 square rods of land on the north side of the road, being where the house now stands, and bounded by Moses Tucker's land, which was a part of our father's farm at the time? He also purchased of Mrs. Dutton, by the same deed, three-fourths of an acre on the opposite side of the road, and here is where the old barn stood. He undoubtedly built the house and barn before he moved from Groton, as his daughter Elizabeth, (Mrs. Preston,) was born, 1779, in this house. In July, 1770, Timothy Dix conveyed to him 55 acres of land, being part of lot No. 1, in the 5th range, which is a part of our father's farm. Moses Tucker conveyed a part of lot No. 1, in the 6th range, which constituted a part of our father's farm also. The farm is made up of several conveyances, two of which are from John Dutton to E. Champney, one dated September 6, 1771, of 43 acres, south of the road; the other deeded from Dutton, is dated March 2, 1776, and conveyed 70 acres. This includes the land east and south of the house, and the buildings thereon. Most of us remember the old cellar near where the cider-mill stood, at the fork of the roads. In 1774, Peletiah Whittemore conveyed to E. Champney 25 acres, which lay south of the Dutton land. In 1770, Robert Harris conveyed to E. Champney 24 acres, bounded northerly on the way leading to his farm, and westerly on the Safford Path. In 1771, Benjamin Safford conveyed to E. Champney 20 acres, bounded southerly on Dutton land and land of Safford, and westerly on Safford Path.

These several deeds constitute what was the farm at our grandfather's death, and most of it now belongs to John Preston, Esq. The house is now near a hundred years old, and is still in very good condition, and liable to stand many years longer. I have often wondered how long a dwelling would last with proper usage. "It is said that the oldest house in the United States is the Rev. Dr. Whitefield's, at Guilford, Conn. It was built in 1689, the walls



Our Fathers Birthplace.

being of stone, and the woodwork of oak. The diamond-shaped windows were removed some sixty or seventy years ago, but in other respects the venerable mansion remains in its original state."

REMINISCENCES.

Childhood's days now pass before me,
And I my youthful hours can see,
But I cannot the wish restrain—
O, would I were a boy again.

How pleasant, as I sit alone,
To think of years now past and gone;
And yet how great the change must be,
Since first I launched on life's rough sea.

In vision's eye all seems as when
I rambled over hills and glen,
And to the school each morning went,
My youthful mind on learning bent.

The old farm-house stands as of yore,
With mossy roof and oaken door;
The well-sweep there, and bucket too,
With same green moss that to it grew.

The ancient barn, with mows of hay,
On which was my delight to play;
The orchard, and the fields of grain,
Come to my view, and all the same.

As when a boy I used to roam
About the place that was my home;
But sad must be the change since then,
For, parents gone, and children men.

All separated from the hearth,
The town, and state that gave us birth;
The homestead passed to other hands,
And naught is left save friendship's bands.

Which should our hearts more closely bind,
That we may compensation find
For all the lost and broken ties
That bound us to our native skies.

[OSCAR B. CHAMPNEY.]

INSCRIPTIONS.

Reverence for our birth-place, and for the graves of our forefathers, is a sentiment common to the human race. The barbarian and the savage tread gently over the mound which covers the ashes of his sires. In our last visit to our native town, we very naturally thought of those who had gone to their rest, and a brief visit to the cemetery was a most interesting part in our rambles over the scenes so familiar in youth. It occurred to me that a copy of the inscriptions upon the tomb-stones might interest the family bearing our name, more especially the generation that have never visited the town. I therefore give them as they read upon the stones. "Flavel said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, *some* of them would think that they were in the wrong grave." This will hardly apply to *our* forefathers, who lived and died in a rural country town, where the contaminating influences of city life could not reach them.

Upon a marble slab, resting upon four pillars, in the old burying-ground, is the following inscription of our grandfather:

HON. EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, died 10th Sept., A. D. 1810. Aged 67 years. He received the honors of Harvard University, A. D. 1762, and was admitted a member of the Bar A. D. 1768, and was appointed Judge of Probate A. D. 1798, in which office he died, universally respected and lamented.

MEMENTO MORI.

Buried in this grave, ABIGAIL CHAMPNEY, wife of Ebenezer Champney. She died the eleventh of February, 1790, aged 37 years.

To hush the plaintive cries of pining grief,
To sooth despondency a kind relief,
In joyless breasts to check the heaving sigh,
To wipe the chrystal tear from sorrow's eye—
These were her cares.

Redeem your time. My glass is run and so must yours.

Erected by Ebenezer Champney to the memory of his mother, MRS. ABIGAIL CHAMPNEY, who died the 18th January, A. D. 1785, in the 76th year of her age. She was born of Godly parents, lived a pious and exemplary life, was patient and resigned in death, and no doubt is reaping the rewards of a faithful follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, to whose service she with fervent zeal devoted herself during her pilgrimage in this world of woes.

Nothing is dead but that which was bid to die,
Nothing is dead but wretchedness and pain,
Nothing is dead but what encumbered, galled,
Blocked up the pass, and barred from heavenly life.

[*In the New Cemetery, as it is called.*]

Erected to the memory of EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, who died Nov. 16, 1820, aged 40 years.

MRS. MEHITABLE, wife of Ebenezer Champney, died June 24, 1840, aged 57.

To this narrow space is consigned by mortality the grosser part of **EBENEZER NICHOLS**, son of Ebenezer Champney, Jr., and Mehitable, his wife, who ceased to live July 21, 1807, aged 8 years and 3 months.

So fades the lovely blooming flower, &c.

ME MENTO MORI.

Thus speaks the Almighty fiat:

"Dust thou art and dust thou shall return."

Cold within the grasp of death, here lies the mortal part of **FREDERICK W.**, son of Eben'r Champney, Jr., and Mrs. Mehitable, his wife, who died April 16, 1810, aged 6 months.

Lovely in death, the charming infant smiled—

Can parents part with such a lovely child?

'Tis the Almighty's work, our soul be still,

Father, conform our feelings to Thy will.

MARY, daughter of Mr. Eben'r Champney, and Mrs. Mehitable, his wife, died March 10th, 1816, aged 9 weeks.

This lovely bud, so young and fair,

Called home by early doom,

Just come to show how sweet a flower

In Paradise would bloom.

GENEALOGY.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY, son of **EBENEZER**, was born in Groton, Mass., August 20, 1764. His mother was **ABAGAIL TROWBRIDGE**, daughter of Rev. **CALEB TROWBRIDGE**, minister in that town. He was married in 1791, to **MERCY PARKER**. By this marriage he had three children—

SARAH, born July 22, 1792. Died July 15, 1864.

MARIA, born July 23, 1793. Died November 1, 1796.

BENJAMIN, born March 12, 1795. Died November 13, 1813.

This Benjamin was pursuing his studies in Dartmouth College, when he was accidentally struck upon the head by a stone thrown by another member of the College, either in sport, or at random, causing a severe wound. But the fatal result did not follow until after several months suffering from partial derangement and epilepsy. He exhibited, in early life, superior endowments, and if he had lived to maturity, would undoubtedly have been known as a brilliant scholar.

Mrs. **MERCY (PARKER) CHAMPNEY**, died in 1795. The second marriage of Mr. **CHAMPNEY** took place in 1809, with **REBECCA**

BROOKS, who was a native of New Ipswich, but whose family came from Lincoln, Mass.

The children from that marriage were—

EDWARD WALTER, born August 18, 1810.

GEO. MATHER, born March 6, 1812.

MARIA LOUISA, born November 14, 1813.

ELLEN ELIZA, born October 17, 1815.

BENJAMIN, born November 22, 1817.

MARY JANE, born November 22, 1819. Died March 2, 1837.

HENRY TROWBRIDGE, born September 19, 1825.

EDWARD WALTER was married in 1845, to CAROLINE L. FLOYD, daughter of JOHN FLOYD, the first "naval constructor" appointed by the U. S. Government under the act creating that office. They have no children. Mrs. C. died October 6, 1865.

GEORGE MATHER married in 1836, LUCY ANN BROWN, daughter of ELEAZAR BROWN, known for a long time as proprietor of Brown's Cotton Mills, in New Ipswich.

Their children—

GEORGIANA, born September 29, 1837. Died August, 1838.

GEORGE EDWARD, born February 12, 1839. Died April 20, 1842.

EDWIN GRAVES, born August 24, 1842.

ELLEN FRANCES, born March 8, 1844.

ANNA LOUISA, born March 2, 1846.

MARIA LOUISA married in October, 1837, to FRANCIS K. CRAGIN. They have no children.

Mr. CRAGIN previously married LUCY PRESTON, daughter of Dr. JOHN PRESTON, of New Ipswich. Their children were MARY JANE and LUCY MARIA, both at present successful teachers.

ELLEN ELIZA Married Dr. JOHN CLOUGH, December, 1840. Children—SARAH MARIA, born April, 1842.

BENJAMIN married MARY CAROLINE BROOKS, July, 1853. Children—BENJAMIN KENSETT, born December 1854. GRACE, born August, 1856; died December, 1862. EDITH, born February, 1859; died December, 1862.

HENRY TROWBRIDGE married LYDIA PARSHLEY, November, 1849. They have no children.

Of the ten children of my father, (three by first marriage and seven by the second,) but two have any living male issue—a son of George M. and one of Benjamin. From this it may be inferred that in our branch of the family the name is not unlikely to become extinct.

PAPER FROM COUSIN GEO. M. CHAMPNEY.

Boston, January 27, 1866.

DEAR COUSIN JULIUS:—I remember promising you a contribution to your family memorial, but I then hardly knew what I could say to add to its value or interest. Not that enough might not be said to give you a pleasant page or two, but that it would require a practised pen and a good memory to do it fitly. I will, however, redeem my promise as well as I can.

I presume you have a history of the "Champney Family," and perhaps intend to incorporate it in your book. In the history of New Ipswich the matter is gone into with considerable detail, especially with that branch of it with which we are connected. My father had much of the antiquarian spirit, but he had never found out who was the original Champney immigrant to New England. In some memoranda of his, he states, that, as near as he can learn, "three brothers of the name came to this country about the year 1660," but which of these was our ancestor he did not certainly know. And I think your father had no more definite information with regard to the early history of the family. It was not till the time of the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of our native town, and its history was about to be published, that my especial attention was called to the subject. On making inquiries, I found that all the facts were very accessible, and only required a little time and patience to set them in order. Nearly everything bearing upon the genealogy of the family is contained in the records of the First Church in Cambridge, but is more fully developed in the town records of that place and of Brighton, which was once a part of it. I had no great difficulty, therefore, (with the aid of some persons who had already gone over the same ground in searching for families that had intermarried with the Champney's,) in tracing our ancestry in the male line to Elder Richard Champney, a prominent member of the church founded by the famous and godly Thomas Shepard.

My father was better informed with regard to the female side of the family, as he had a clear record of it through the Trowbridges and Walters, to Sarah, daughter of Rev. John Cotton, who married Increase Mather, one of the early Presidents of Harvard College. But as your father was born of the second wife, (a Parker,) of our grandfather, it is very natural that you should be more interested in the genealogy of the Parker family than in that of the Trowbridges; though there is no good reason why I should not share your interest in the first, as your father's mother and my father's first wife were both Parkers, and sisters. It was a very unusual mingling of family ties for father and son to take to wife two daughters of the same house, and it very naturally created some coolness between the parties for a time. You can very easily conceive that the senior Champney must have deemed it an act of exceeding presumption on the part of the son to marry the sister of his mother-in-law! The alliance caused some very curious family connections. My father was not only a son, but a brother-in-law to his father. He was also brother and uncle to your father; and his children by that wife were your father's brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces at the same time. These singular relationships might be traced further, but I do not think it important. As I said, there is no reason why I should not seek out the Parker genealogy, considering my connection with it, (although my mother was named Brooks,) but I have never undertaken it. I hope to find leisure at some time to do it.

While upon this subject of ancestry, I will add a word or two in relation to its more remote connections. Perhaps you are not aware that the Champney family is among the most ancient in the English annals. It is traceable back to the time of William the Conqueror. Sir Henry Champney was one of the Knights, or men-at-arms who followed that renowned filibuster from Normandy. This name is found among the valiant heroes who broke the Saxon power under the lead of Harold at the battle of Hastings, and is inscribed on the Roll of Honor deposited in Battle Abbey. The Abbey was built by William, in honor of the victory, upon the spot where Harold was slain. The English nobility regard this "Roll of Honor" as among the highest sources of their ancestral dignity. Although the "Conqueror" was essentially an usurper, and a Frenchman as well, whom all Englishmen are supposed naturally to hate, yet to him and his followers does the modern John Bull look for his surest passport to rank and distinction. Such are the metamorphoses time weaves into the affairs of nations and of men. I believe the Champneys have never received a higher title than that of Knight. Whether this is owing to a depreciation in noble deeds and bearing, or to a modesty that seeks no rewards in vain and pompous titles, I will not undertake to say. In England the name is always spelled with a final "s." But the Cambridge records, and the uniform usage in this country, so far as I know, leave that letter off. But the name has undergone fewer changes than almost any other of equal antiquity. It signifies, in the Norman French, a "field in an island." I can well imagine that some Norman gentleman or Chevalier once had his chateau on an island in the Seine or Loire, and that in the interval of his "feats in arms," he so cultivated his island fields as to acquire the peaceful surname of the family.

But I must tell you that we have a coat of arms. I send you a drawing of it for any use you may wish to put it to. It is thus described:—The shield bears a lion rampant, and the crest is a leopard's head embraced in a ducal coronet. The device, "*Pro Patria non Timidus Perire*," is thus translated—"Not afraid to die for our country,"—an excellent maxim, and no doubt its practical exhibition gave honor to the founders of the name. But it has had a fresh and glorious illustration in the voluntary sacrifice of the lives of several sons of your family in our recent struggle for Union and Liberty. I do not believe that any heroes of the name ever fought in a worthier cause, or deserved more of their friends and country than the young men alluded to. I should like their names in full to inscribe upon my Roll of Honor.

But I must leave this matter of the general history of the family and speak of some things pertaining to our early life and my personal recollections. I have never seen a likeness of your father, but I very well remember his looks, although at his death, forty-five years ago, I could have been but seven or eight years old. The expression of his face, as it comes up in my "mind's eye," bears a mild and benevolent look, mingled with a slight touch of sadness. Not that there was any general moodiness or mental depression about him, but simply a tendency to pensiveness. The impression of his character always remaining with me is that of an amiable and genial man; one who was fond of his family, and had a natural attraction for children. I know I was always glad to go down to "Uncle Eben's," both for the sake of seeing him and playing with the boys. A look upon his placid face, and a greeting from his cheerful voice, were always grateful to my childish heart. I think I have a very distinct recollection of his funeral. Was it

not in the spring, while yet the ground was partially covered with snow? I have no record to tell me the month in which he died; only the year. But it seems to me I can now see the long procession as it moved over the hill and down the then new road to the meeting house. One old yellow chaise, (we were on wheels,) in particular, stands out in relief among the vehicles as a marked feature in the funeral line. I presume I must have been in the carriage immediately following it, and its bright body, from so long a ride, (to a child,) was thus imprinted most permanently in my memory. I think also I can see the snow patches by the side of the road, and in the woods that used to line it through the hollow, that divided the hill at my father's farm from the plateau where the meeting house stood. Whether these are facts or fancies, they are among the unfading pictures of my early life. For some unexplainable reason, they have impressed me stronger than the Masonic ceremonies that accompanied the funeral, the showy regalia, and the dropping of the evergreen twigs into the open grave.

Another event connected with your family, produced a lasting impression upon my mind. I refer to the burning of your barns. That calamity must have happened not far from the time of your father's death; whether the summer before or after I cannot determine. But I do not forget the sensation caused by so unusual an occurrence in that quiet country town wherein we first saw the light. Beside the excitement created by the fire, I think I was also greatly terrified by the dreadful thunder peals and the vivid lightning that accompanied the shower from which the fatal bolt was discharged. I believe I did not visit the scene until the next day, but the rapidly ringing fire bell, the loud cries of the citizens, the running to and fro with water buckets, and the general confusion, were sufficiently appalling without witnessing the conflagration itself. In this connection, I remember with pride and pleasure the action taken by the towns people in promptly going to the forests and preparing the materials for a new barn. Within a short space of time, they were hauled to the spot, and soon there arose a new structure, equal, if not superior to that which had been reduced to ashes. Things are done differently now-a-days. The sympathies of a community are expressed through an insurance office, and unfortunate is the man who sees his house, barn, or goods devoured by the flames without a protecting policy. The world condemns his folly, and in the same proportion stints its charity.

In what year you left going to the old school house, in the center of the town, to attend the one upon the "Knights hill," or the new one in the Factory Village, I have no means of knowing; but I have a clear recollection of the presence of yourself and brothers in that sacred old building at the foot of the hill near my father's house. I wish I could recall the place where you used to sit, but I cannot do it distinctly. And yet I have an impression that it was towards the south window, and not far from the seat of Wash. Batchelder. Your brothers, Jonas and Eben, I think had a place among the "big boys," on the back seat. What an elevated and dignified position that seemed to us smaller boys! I believe you left school, as I did, before the period of translation to that august post. But I am sure of one thing in connection with the back row of seats, and that is, that the benches could have been none the worse hacked and furrowed than were those occupied by the more juvenile boys. Our knives were as sharp, our industry as great, and our innate vandalism as wanton and active as the biggest in the school. It may not be commendable, but it is very laughable to think of those poor old

benches, and recall the deep incisions made in their surfaces by "picked-pinted" instruments. Incipient artists "made faces," embryonic chirographers turned out what were supposed to be letters of the alphabet, and future engineers executed diagrams and excavated dry moats and trenches. If there was anything that the youthful imagination could not devise, or its ingenuity attempt to portray, it must have been outside of the pages of Dante or Milton. What would be thought of such juvenile antics in these days? Every one would be subjected to a discipline of which the "old school" urchins knew nothing, and every teacher permitting such vandalism would receive a summary discharge.

Your father's house was so situated that you always had in view the old Souhegan river. But I had not often seen it before I was ten years old. Occasionally my father would take me to the factory, or my mother to "gran-sir Brooks," and, as I gazed upon the "great waters," I felt as awe-struck as an Englishman who had only seen the Trent or Severn, would be on a sudden translation to the banks of the Mississippi. That immense bridge that spanned the Souhegan on the road to uncle Jonas's, was to me, who was only accustomed to the three foot structure that crossed the brook in our village, a wonder of art. But I got better acquainted with the bridge and the stream as I grew in stature and years, and at length could dive headlong from the first into the clear water, and draw from the depths of the last as many perch and pickerel as the best angler of them all. But what an expanse there was to that interval through which the Souhegan quietly pursued its way, and how long the journey from the bridge to the "elbow," and thence to the edge of the wood from which the stream issued! That point was the very "ultima thule" of my angling travels. On one occasion, while fishing up the river, with a lad beside me who was carrying my "briny spoil," he plunged them in the water to keep them fresh. On the instant we were both greatly startled by the sudden leaping upon the bank of some monster of the deep. Having only a glimpse of the creature, as he struggled back to his native element, and magnifying its proportions in our fright, we hurriedly scampered from the spot. But a moment's reflection reassured me, and I ventured to return. I then suggested to my companion to again introduce his fish into the water. He did so, and in a moment I saw a huge pickerel approaching, with his eyes intently fixed upon his already captured fellows. He looked at them, and I looked at him. I dangled my dissected frog before him, but he took no notice of the usually tempting bait. A more appetizing feast was near him. Still he gazed, and still hesitated to make the second leap. I bethought me of a little strategy to apply to the novel exigency. Stripping my hook bare, I very carefully let it into the water near the jaws of the fascinated pike, and when I thought it well adjusted to the right spot, I sprang my rod with a sudden jerk, and in a moment he was landed. It was a noble fellow; I believe one of the largest that are ever caught in that stream. You may well infer that my feelings at the result of the adventure, were sufficiently jubilant. I marched home with as proud a step as the hero of a well fought field.

But these childish experiences are scarcely worth relating, and I should have no hope of their being entitled to any consideration, were you not interested in the localities mentioned. That makes the most insignificant events and places sometimes wear a charmed character. How true this is respecting our native place. I have lived in Woburn, my present residence, eighteen years, which are four more

than I lived in New Ipswich, and yet how slight is my attachment to this town when compared to our old one. And how little, in comparison, do I know about it. When I think of New Ipswich, I recall every road, field, meadow, wood-lot, brook and hill, and they all seem as familiar as the rooms and furniture of a long used dwelling. But Woburn is still, for the most part, to me a *terra in cognita*. I know but little of it, and that little I cannot in any sense recognize as a part of myself. We have elm trees here, and some fine specimens, too; but there is no one that fills such a place in my regard as that dear old one that stands in the yard of my father's old house, and spreads its broad and graceful branches over roof and garden. How many youthful sports have we enjoyed beneath its ample shade! It was, very justly, the pride of the village. My father did not plant it, but its age was about the same as his. It must now be nearly or quite one hundred years old. Woburn has also its valleys, woods, and fields, and to many they must have all the interest that attaches to a birth-place; and yet I cannot see in them the beauty and charm that invest these same natural features in New Ipswich. I have, perhaps, kept those more freshly in my memory than some who left there in early life, for I have almost yearly made the town a visit since my first emigration.

But there is one spot in New Ipswich that I never saw until 1851, and that is the Hoar Pond. Among all my wanderings, I had never made a discovery of that. I then determined to search it out. Its general locality I suppose I knew, but I was more puzzled to find it than I expected. I dare say you have been many times on its shores, and perhaps on its surface. I do not think it deserves the dignified name of "pond," for it is scarcely half a dozen acres in extent, and is very difficult of access. Its banks are swampy, and crowded with a thick growth of alders and other dwarf trees. I cannot imagine it to have been a place for successful fishing. At any rate it never fixed itself as such among my youthful fancies, and a sight of it by no means excited in me vain regrets at the loss of great piscatorial amusement.

You of course remember the old cider-mill that used to stand near the junction of the roads that led to your house and to uncle Jonas's? That was the scene of many "good times." In the autumn season, when the period came for cider-making, I was as fond of giving as many visits to "the farm" as possible. I seem to see the old horse still going his patient rounds, attached to the long beam that moved the apple-crushing cogs. And there is the pumice falling into the huge bin made for its reception. Now it is shoveled into the basin where the great press is brought to bear upon it, and soon the amber-liquid flows into the "half-hogshead" set to receive it. The boys are then ready for action. Good smooth and hard straws are selected from a bundle, inserted into the saccharine juice, and many long and arduous breathings are made in transferring the delicious nectar to their capacious stomachs. Wasn't that fun? Have any of the modern drinks that are absorbed through "straws," power to satisfy the palate or the imagination equal to that? While speaking of cider and apples, I am reminded of the quality of the fruit from which the cider was made. You cannot have forgotten the great variety of small and sour apples which were then cultivated. Anything was considered good enough to put through the cider press. In fact that was the main object in growing apples at all. I think that neither your nor my father's orchard had many trees that bore fruit fit for the table. But what quantities of

cider were annually stored in every cellar. That was the chief beverage of the old New England families. It was found upon the table at every meal, with as much uniformity as the plate of brown bread. It required a huge pitcher of it to supply the triple daily needs, and that went the round of the table without the intervention of mug or tumbler. Did you ever perform the office of tapster? I have done it very frequently. I got along very well in descending to the cellar in the day-time, but if it fell to my lot to fill the pitcher for the evening libation, it made my "firm nerves tremble," to penetrate its gloomy recesses by the doubtful light of a tallow candle. But I never saw anything more terrible than my own shadow. Yet it was a great relief to get back again to the more tangible company and cheerful light of the kitchen.

But I have lengthened my "remarks" until they will fairly compete with the sermons we used to hear in old times from Mr. Hall, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Miles; and as I know that those were not very highly relished, on account of their sixteenthly's and seventeenthly's, I will bring to a close these discursive reminiscences.

Faithfully your friend and cousin,

GEO. M. CHAMPNEY.

Cousin JOHN PRESTON writes:

NEW IPSWICH, January 13, 1866.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

I have been resolved to write you for the last three weeks, but although I have improved wonderfully since I saw you, yet I am still so weak that writing is an effort which I do not undertake unless necessary. I learn that you obtained a copy of the New Ipswich History when you was here, and I am not able to give you much information that you will not find recorded there.

My mother and your father were born in the farm house which I now own. Uncle JONAS was born in a very few days after our grandfather moved to Groton for a short time. I have heard my mother say that he was born so soon, (I think within a week,) after our grandfather's removal, that the town officer of Groton, under the old laws to prevent paupers, warned him out of town, although born there.

My recollections of your father and uncle JONAS are very pleasant. They came to see my mother almost always together, and I think as often as twice a week at least. Both of them were very kind to every body. My older brother, EBEN, and I used frequently to go down and spend the day with our much loved uncles, and were always sure of a hearty welcome. I was away at college for the last two years of your father's life, and saw but little of him. I was also away when our uncle JONAS died.

I remember our grandfather, although I was but eight years old when he died—too young to give you much information about him. The names of my mother's children you will find in the New Ipswich History. My oldest sister, REBECCA, died at the age of seven years. My sister LUCY, who married FRANCIS K. CRAGEN, died in December, 1836, leaving two daughters—MARY JANE, who is an accomplished teacher in St. Louis, Mo., and LUCY MARIA, who resides with her father at Woburn. My sister, MARIA, died in 1830, 20 years of age. THOMAS B. died in July, 1862, and WILLIAM H. in January, 1865. ELIZA married Mr. E. L. HAMMOND



and they live in Northampton, Mass. REBECCA, my youngest sister, married B. F. WHIPPLE, and they live at Huntington, Mass., and my mother resides with them.

My wife was ELIZABETH S. FRENCH, of Townsend. We have had seven children. LORENZO died in 1836, 6½ years old. ELIZABETH A. died 1837, 5½ years old. SARAH ELIZABETH died 1842, 1½ years old. MARIAH A. F., died in 1852, 15 years old.

WILLIAM A. is cashier of our bank. FRANK W. lives with us, and MARY ARABELLA also. Accept our best wishes for yourself and family.

Yours, very truly,

JOHN PRESTON.

THE FAMILY COAT OF ARMS.

I am under obligations to GEORGE M. CHAMPNEY for a copy of *The Family Coat of Arms*, which is here given. I was not aware that there existed anything of the kind belonging to our family, but am informed that it was found in a Heraldry office some years since, by a member of his family. The number of generations it has passed through I am not able to give, yet the CHAMPNEY name is quite ancient, although there are but few bearing the name now. The design, perhaps might not be the choice of the present generation were they disposed to get up a device for that purpose, but we must consider that this came from old England, where the people were always partial to the lion and other ferocious beasts. One thing we can boast, it has required a family of some distinction to be entitled to a "Coat of Arms!"

Had these people lived in our own day, it is probable they might have selected a different figure for the family arms. The lion is a noble animal, to be sure, but the eagle soars above him, and is the proud emblem of our nation's glory and immensity, and in his lofty flight he looks down upon all that walk beneath.

The motto, being interpreted, appears very appropriate here: "Not afraid to die for our country."

When our nation became imperiled by the great rebellion, and the storm of death raged in the land, our boys were all in arms and at the front, demonstrating the fact that they were "not afraid to die for their country."

We have passed through a horrible gloom of four years of desperate civil strife, the memory of which will haunt some of our families like a dismal dream to the end of life. But we have been delivered by the fierce agony and bloody sweat of our toiling and suffering soldiers, and it is a source of pride and pleasure that *our* family were so well represented on the battle-fields of glory.

EXPERIENCES OF FRED. W. CHAMPNEY.

At the breaking out of the war I was in Georgia, and at the Presidential election voted for Bell and Everett, as there was no Lincoln ticket there. My vote was challenged by an officer with a pistol in his hand, and who looked daggers at me, knowing that I was a Yankee; but I voted, notwithstanding the flourish of pistols and knives. When South Carolina went out of the Union, there was great rejoicing; houses were lit up, and the soldiers turned out with music and cannon. A comrade from New York and myself went into the street and sang the *Star Spangled Banner*, which brought on an assault, but we came off best. My friend enlisted in one of the Georgia regiments, and I left for Florida. Since then I saw him at Newbern, N. C., in the 3d N. Y. Artillery, he having made his escape from the rebel army.

While in Florida, I joined the Home Guards, being compelled to do something, and was put in orderly sergeant. At this time the country was in great excitement; every one thought that England was surely going to help them, and Northern men had to suffer in every possible manner for Union sentiments. When the United States gun-boat Mohawk came to blockade the port of St. Marks, the people were panic-stricken, and seemed bewildered, their excitement was so great. A large number went down to see the boat, but the rebels were very much frightened, even at so few a number of men. I obtained a small sail-boat, and got two men to go with me, and we went down to visit the Mohawk, went on board, and revealed to the captain every thing I knew concerning the situation of the rebels in Florida. Bidding Capt. Jones good-bye, we started for home, having six miles to go to get to the fort, and it being dark, we had a serious time in finding our way. We arrived home, however, in time for breakfast in the morning, and about 8 o'clock there came a body of soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant, and took us all prisoners, we having been watched in going on board the Mohawk. I asked what we were arrested for, but they gave me no answer, but kept us all day and night in an old shed under guard. The next morning we had our trial before Gen. Maxwell, of the rebel army. The General thought the proof against us was not sufficient to hold us prisoners, but the citizens insisted that we should be tried by them, consequently we were taken to Tallahassee, under escort of the same soldiers, for trial. I was pretty well known in this place, and when we got off the cars at the

depot, Northern men would not look at us, but there was a mob ready to wait upon us with ropes and guns to take our lives. It was all that the soldiers could do to keep the mob off. One man came running out of his house with his gun ready cocked, crying, "Where is Champney, the traitor?—I will kill him!" We were taken into the Capitol, where we were safe from the mob, and remained in one room for a week, and every day we were told that at 6 o'clock in the morning we were to be shot. We were tried for treason to the Confederate States. They proved nothing against us, and the General blamed them for not firing a gun, and we were let off by paying a fine of one hundred dollars. After my release, Judge Henderson came to me and wanted me to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and he would make me captain of a company and take some soldiers down on the coast. I told him I should never take the oath, neither should I ever take up arms against the United States; I belong to the North, am a Massachusetts man, and am glad of it. He coaxed for a long time, but I informed him that there was no use of his talking to me, because I belonged to the United States. He then gave me 24 hours to leave the State. I started immediately, for I knew the feeling towards me, and went to Lake City to see my wife, and while there the people were going to mob me, and would if I had been seen in the street. I left in the night for Monticello, Fla., avoiding Tallahassee, as I learned they were looking anxiously for me, and, as they termed it, were going to "Jo-moke" me—tie me to a tree and whip me to death. From Monticello I took stage to Albany, Ga., and from there by cars to Macon, thence to Atlanta. I carried some good recommendations with me from different master mechanics of the South, which I often had to show in order to get along, as I was questioned in every train by the conductors. I stopped but a short time in Atlanta, and started for Chattanooga, where I arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning and stopped until 6. Here the rebel soldiers were pretty thick, and I heard them say that they had been up to Parson Brownlow's and whipped his wife, but the old devil himself could not be found, but they would kill him yet. I got on board the cars for Nashville, Tenn., and here I was stopped and put under arrest for not having a pass. I was a stranger here, and could get no one to vouch for me, and I was kept nine days on corn bread and water, but gave me a guard to go out on the street in order that I might find some one who knew me. I finally had to telegraph to Tallahassee and got a return that I was a good South-

ern rights man. They then gave me a pass, but would not give me my papers which they had taken from me. I went to the depot to take the cars, and while there a lady came and asked me to assist her in getting her baggage on board the cars. I did so, and found she had a pass like my own and was going to the same place, Louisville, Ky. The cars were full of rebel officers, and I sat with the lady some of the way, and found that I knew her husband well, he being from Adams, Mass., my own town. The officers began to look with suspicion towards us, and it was not long before we were both under arrest, and a guard placed over each of us, and when we arrived at Bowling Green, I was put in the freight house, and the lady went to a hotel, both under guard. The next morning I was taken back to Nashville, as a spy, but the officers there told them that I had proved myself clear the day before, and I was released again, and a dispatch was sent to release the lady also. I persuaded the officer that took me back to Nashville, to write on a slip of paper that Fred. W. Champney was all right, which helped me to get another pass to Green River. Here I had to be searched thoroughly, taking off my clothes, and my valise was opened, and all my things given to the soldiers, and my money also. Here I expected to remain, at least for a while, as I had no means of getting away. I went out on the street, and was soon accosted by a man who inquired if I knew Jonas Champney, of South Adams. I answered yes, but I could not tell who he was until he told me his name. He was a rebel, and told me to tell the boys that they would whip them. My reply was, "You can tell that to fools, but not to Yankees!" He bid me to be careful, and an adieu. I took the cars for Green River, where I attempted to avoid the pickets, but was soon picked up by the soldiers. I presented my pass to Green River, but was told that that was good for nothing any further. I then went to headquarters, where the Colonel said he would pass me out of his lines but no further. I asked him to give me something to show that I had been before him, in case I were stopped by the soldiers, but he told me to go about my business and not trouble him any more. As I passed outside the lines, I was insulted by every soldier I met, calling me a Lincoln snow-digger, Massachusetts abolitionist, and all such like epithets. When I got to the last pickets of cavalry, I was taken up, and they were going to carry me back. I was tired and worn out, and now, for the first time, I felt like crying. I plead most earnestly against being taken back, and finally prevailed on them to let me go. I overheard

them talking about going into the Union lines, and they were preparing to do so. It was now dark, and I walked a few miles further and came to a deserted house, with no doors or windows, and being exhausted, I entered and lay down, and enjoyed a most refreshing sleep. The morning came, and I was early on the road, it being now thirty miles to the Union lines. I traveled on, foot-sore and weary, at times enlivened with hope, and at other times quivering with fear. At last I beheld Union soldiers. Did I ever behold so grand a sight before? I wept for joy; no tongue can express the deep gratitude I experienced on my safe deliverance from the enemies of my country. I went before Gen. Rousseau, and he took me to Gen. Sherman, and I gave them the rebel pass-word, and informed them of the contemplated raid into the Union lines, which proved to be of great service to our generals. I was treated very kindly by the officers in command, and after becoming rested and recruited, they ordered a team and carried me twelve miles, to Lebanon Junction. The regiments here were from Illinois. At this place I met with an Eastern man, who gave me 25 cents. I was passed to Louisville, Ky., and all the way my 25 cents bought all that I ate during the way home, finding no further difficulty after leaving Louisville.

I was quite emaciated when I arrived home, but in two weeks I left for Boston, and engaged with Gen. Butler as machinist and engineer, and went out on the ship *King Fisher*. We arrived at Ship Island in 15 days after leaving Boston, having lost 73 hours on our way by the violent storm. Here the officers of the navy heard that I could run a Mississippi boat, and came for me. I volunteered and started on the *Henry Lewis*, a boat of eight guns, for Beloxia, and when within a half a mile of the town, we fired a few shots. They answered with a siege gun, but soon surrendered, giving up all their arms and provisions, and we returned with the proceeds. I then went on the steamer *Anna*, and run that boat until Gen. Butler came. I was Captain part of the time, but acted mostly in the capacity of engineer. I was offered good situations in the regular navy, but preferred to remain with Gen. Butler. He gave me chief engineer's papers and extra pay from the time I left Boston. He intended to make me captain of the gun-boat *Calhoun*, but through envy of some other officers, he failed to do it. Then I was promised the first boat captured. The General was on the boat with me watching out, and with his glass he discovered the *P. C. Wallace*, a rebel boat loaded with stores, going by, and

behind Cat Island were several U. S. boats, and the rebel boat running straight towards them, and before they found out their mistake they received a broadside and were captured, and the boats were soon seen coming with the *P. C. Wallace* in tow. Gen. Butler says, "There comes a boat for you, Champney!" The stores were taken off, and in a short time steamed up. I being chief, I had four engineers under me, and we started for the Mississippi river, but the boat did not reach there, as the machinery broke 18 miles out, and then commenced leaking. We took to the small boats and were picked up by the steamer *Saxon* soon after, and the *Wallace* went down.

I was at New Orleans at the surrender of that city, and when the 31st Massachusetts regiment went ashore. Oh! what an indignant people, to be obliged to succumb to the Yankees. I was taken sick immediately on my arrival here, and soon as able got my discharge and returned home.

I would say that during the war I enlisted 32 men for the 4th Massachusetts cavalry, 22 for the 61st Massachusetts, and a company of 100 days men, and served as Lieutenant during that time.

SOLOMON CHAMPNEY.

By the kindness of FREDERICK KIDDER, Esq., of Boston, we were informed of a pamphlet recently issued by Rev. F. W. WHITNEY, of Brighton, Mass., containing an address delivered by him in that town, February 10, 1855, at the funeral of Mrs. SUSANNA PARK CHAMPNEY, who died February 10, in her 95th year, together with an Appendix containing a genealogical notice of the CHAMPNEY and PARK families.

By addressing the Reverend gentleman, brother LEWIS obtained two copies of the pamphlet, which was found to contain much valuable information, and we have taken the liberty to copy that portion that relates to the CHAMPNEY family.

SOLOMON, the one mentioned as being killed by his ox team, was a brother to the Hon. EBENEZER CHAMPNEY, our grandfather, who were born in that portion of Cambridge now known as Brighton.

In the funeral address, the author says: "Her father was of the fourth generation in lineal descent from RICHARD PARK, who was a proprietor at Cambridge in 1636, and whose large estate of six

hundred acres, on which he shortly settled, lay in Newton, on the northwestern border of Brighton. She was married on the second day of February, 1792, to NATHANIEL CHAMPNEY, son of SOLOMON and REBECCA CHAMPNEY, of this place, a descendant in the sixth generation of Elder RICHARD CHAMPNEY, one of the first settlers of Cambridge—one of the earliest benefactors of Harvard College, and an esteemed officer of the first Church in Cambridge. From the day of her marriage, she resided in the same house where she died—a period of sixty-three years—and, at the time of her death, was the oldest person in town.”

The address is interesting; we cannot give it publication entire, but will select that portion of the pamphlet which relates to the family name, commencing with an account of the husband of the deceased.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL CHAMPNEY.

It appears that Captain NATHANIEL CHAMPNEY, husband of the subject of our notice, on the death of his father, April, 1763, went to live, (not then seven years old,) in the family of John and Mercy Stratton, by whom he was brought up, and from whom he inherited the estate on which he lived and died, and which is now owned and occupied by his son William. This estate, lying on the north side of Washington Street, at its junction with Faneuil Street, was purchased, as I find by the original deed, March 13, 1715-6, of “Daniel Maccoone, of Cambridge, Yeoman,” (whether he occupied it then or not, is not stated,) “by Ebenezer Stratton, of Newton, Tailor,” father of John, for 252 pounds. It is described as comprising “one dwelling-house and barn and ten acres and one-half of land and orcharding.” I suppose that then, or shortly after, Ebenezer Stratton came to reside here; since, by deed, August 27, 1717, Joseph Fuller, Jr., of Newton, conveys to “Ebenezer Stratton, of Cambridge,” woodland in Newton, ten acres and ninety rods, for 30 pounds.

This house must therefore be very ancient, since it was purchased of Maccoone,* 140 years ago, by Ebenezer Stratton. Eben-

* This name may be the same as that spelt Makoon, in the list of members of 1st Church, Camb., in time of Mitchell, as quoted by Rev. Dr. Newell, in appendix to his sermon, 1848, on the Cambridge Church-Gathering. Farmer gives the name of Magoon, and of Makoon, which he conjectures may be the same. Jackson, Hist. of Newton, p. 363, speaks of “Daniel Macoy [or Mackay], a Scotchman,

ezer was son of John and Abigail, of Watertown; and he married, June 6, 1716, Lydia [Fuller? Daughter of Joseph?] and died here, 1735. His widow, Lydia, died here 1747-8. His son John, who brought up Nathaniel Champney, was born here, August 9, 1726; married, as by Old Cambridge Records, Mercy Norcross, May 3, 1749, and died here, November 21, 1791. She died here, June 27, 1791, aged 61.

Nathaniel Champney died here, November 12, 1826, and was interred in his tomb on the 14th. The Address has spoken of his worth, and of the respect in which he was universally held. An obituary appeared in the *Boston Patriot and Chronicle*, November 18, 1826, and a more extended notice in the *Boston Traveler*, November 17, in which his domestic virtues, his public spirit, and his strict integrity in the various trusts and offices which he sustained, are faithfully portrayed. He represented the town in the State Legislature. He filled and adorned many of the civil offices of the town. "As a husband he was most kind and affectionate, as a father he was tender and indulgent, yet careful and strict in the performance of his parental duties." He died of an affection of the heart, angina pectoris, with which he had been some months oppressed. Death came to him suddenly, but not unexpectedly. On the Sabbath morning of his death, he walked out from his house; came in about 11 o'clock; observed to his wife that he expected another attack of the complaint which he had before experienced; sat down in a chair, and instantly expired.

GENEALOGICAL NOTICE OF THE CHAMPNEY FAMILY.

The family came to that part of Cambridge now Brighton. Several of the earliest Cambridge families settled in this, the southern section of the town. The Sparhawk family, one of the first, came here. Richard Dana, the progenitor of the Dana family in this country, came to what is now Brighton, and had his large estate here bordering on the entire western side of Market Street, which street was laid out wholly through his estate, in 1656.

who bought land in Cambridge Village in 1673, and in 1679," about on the site of the Champney estate. "Magoone, Henry," was at Exeter, N. H., 1661. "Magoune, Henry," had land at St. Albans, Vt., 1656. In the deed to Stratton, the name is written with great distinctness, *Maccoone*, and the deed is signed as by the tremulous hand of an old man.

Brighton was set off and incorporated as a distinct town February 28, 1807. The Charles River separates it from Cambridge. Cambridge, Brighton and Newton, were, at first, 1631, one town, called Newtown. In the records of Massachusetts, May 2, 1638, "It is ordered that Newetowne shall henceforward be called Cambridge." That part lying on the south side of Charles River, now embraced in Brighton and Newton, was known originally as "Cambridge Village," "New Cambridge," and "Nonantum," which signified, in the Indian language, *rejoicing*. The town of Newton was set off and incorporated in 1679; leaving what is now Cambridge and Brighton and West Cambridge one town until 1807.

Elder Richard Champney was descended from Sir Henry Champney, one of the thirty brave warriors who fought at the battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066, under William the Conqueror. William, after his conquest, erected a magnificent Abbey at Battle, six miles from Hastings, over the spot where the body of the unfortunate King Harold was found. The ruins of Battle Abbey are very stately, and it is still occupied. The names of the thirty brave warriors are recorded here, and, among them, Sir Henry Champney. His descendant, Richard, came from Lincolnshire, England, to this place in 1634-5. He was made freeman* in 1636, and, with Jane, his wife, was among the first members of the Church. Shepard, the first Cambridge minister, in his autobiography, speaks of "Brother Champney" as a "most deare saint." He was Ruling Elder in the church; "whose business," says Cotton Mather, in his *Ratio Disciplina*, "it was to assist the pastor in visiting the distressed, instructing the ignorant, reducing the erroneous, comforting the afflicted, rebuking the unruly, discovering the state of the whole flock, exercising the discipline of the Gospel

* To become a freeman, one must be a member of the church. Permission having then been obtained from the General Court, or from the Quarterly Court of the County, the freeman's oath was taken before a magistrate. In 1664, those might be made freemen who brought certificates from clergymen acquainted with them, of their being correct in doctrine and conduct. Freemen *only* could hold offices, or vote for rulers. And yet many church-members refused to take the freeman's oath, from unwillingness to serve in any public office. The oath, as altered and amended by the General Court, May 14, 1684, ran thus:—"I, A. B., being by God's providence an inhabitant and freeman within the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth, do freely acknowledge myself to be subject to the government thereof, and therefore do here swear, by the great and dreadful name of the Everlasting God, that I will be true and faithful to the same," &c., &c.—*Records of Massachusetts*. The custom of making freemen ceased about 1686.

upon offenders, and promoting the desirable growth of the church." The office, distinct from that of the deacons, was held in most, but not in all, of the New England churches, and has long been discontinued.

Richard Champney appears often in "The Regestere Booke of the Lands and Houses in the Newtowne," as "Grantor" and "Grantee,"—that is seller and buyer of real estate,—first, as early as September 25, 1637, when he buys of William Wadsworth. His name occurs often in the early town records.

"June 7, 1647. Ordered by the Townsmen, that the land on the south side of the water [now Brighton], abutting upon the east side of Mr. Sparahawk's fields, about 40 acres, more or less, is by these presents sold unto Richard Champnis, to be prized by the Townsmen at a valuable price."

"Also, there having been granted unto him 100 acres of land to be an addition to his farm, by 12 men that were deputed to dispose to every man his portion of the common lands, it is by these presents confirmed to him; and he is to have it on the east side of the further division on the further side of the water [Brighton], and is to allow unto the Town what it shall be thought more worthy than if he had it by his farm on the other side."

"July 30, 1647. Ordered that Elder Champnis shall pay to the Town 20s. per acre for the upland lying by Mr. Sparahawk's raile; 6s. 8d. per acre for the swamp. Also he shall allow for the hundred acres in exchange for that by his farm either £20, or else let the wood lie common to the Town."

It appears that Elder Richard first built on this side of the river, in 1647, the date of his purchase. May 13, 1672, a committee appointed to view a piece of land on the south side (now Brighton), in dispute, claimed by Samuel and Daniel Champney, sons of Richard, "testify it is no part of the 40 acres sold to Elder Champney by the town, *when he first built in that place* [italics ours], and testify that it was no part of the 100 acres which the Town granted him, and was laid out on the westerly side of Mr. Mitchell's lot."

Richard died here, November 26, 1669, bequeathing forty acres of land on the south side of the river to Harvard College, "as an expression of his willingness to further the education of youth in all godly literature."

This was no inconsiderable bequest, even rating the land at 20s. per acre, as above. An order, we may remember, was passed by the Court, November, 1644, desiring every family in the Colony to contribute *twelve pence, or a peck of corn*, to the treasury of the College.

SOLOMON, (son of Solomon and Elizabeth), born January 7, 1724-5; married Rebecca Brown, of New Ipswich, N. H., and was killed here instantly, having fallen from his loaded ox-wagon, and the wheel passing over his neck, Tuesday evening, April 5, 1763. Particulars of this accident may be found in the *Boston Weekly News Letter*, Thursday, April 7, 1763. It occurred, as one tradition has it, on Rockland Street, near the junction of South Street, as the wagon, going east, was descending a steep hill near the present estate of Daniel Waugh. By another tradition, the wagon was descending the hill on Washington, near Shepard Street. Solomon's widow married January 2, 1766, James Holton, of this place, who died here April 16, 1789, aged 60. She was admitted, March 27, 1785, to 1st church, Brighton, then 3d church, Cambridge; and died here, October 27, 1805, aged 71. Their son, Benjamin, (Major) born here, February 13, 1775, on Washington Street, (present site of Horace W. Jordan's house); married here, May 2, 1799, Mary, daughter of Thomas and Hepzibah (Winship) Shed, who died here April 28, 1844, aged 67. He died here, April 15, 1853. Their children all born here; *James*, April 12, 1800, owns and occupies his father's estate, Faneuil Street, unm. *Charles*, October, 22, 1802; died here February 15, 1854, unm. *Mary Winship* (Mrs. Aaron Colby), February 9, 1805; died here, October 29, 1851. *Benjamin*, March 7, 1807; died here, November 14, 1826, unm.

I find on the Records, the names of only two children of Solomon and Rebecca Champney—*Nathaniel* and *Isaac*. But I am informed that there were, also, sons *Nathan* and *Thomas*.

NATHANIEL (son of Solomon and Rebecca), Selectman and Representative, &c., born here December 28, 1756, on Washington Street, opposite present residence of James Dana; married and died as stated above. His three children, all born here, follow in italics. 1. *John Stratton*, born November 14, 1792; studied medicine with Dr. Ingalls, Boston; M. D. at Brown University, 1821; held a commission as Surgeon of the Regiment; a Physician at East Bridgewater, and afterwards at South Abington, where he died August 6, 1847, from injuries received on 2d inst., while employed on his farm. He married South Abington, August 21, 1823, Sally, daughter of Col. Aaron Hobart. She died, East Bridgewater, May 2, 1826, aged 35. He married June 14, 1827, her sister, Abigail Adams Hobart. She died January 15, 1844, aged 50. His 5 children, the first one born East Bridgewater, the others, South

Abington, were—John Stratton, July 14, 1824; drowned near his home, December 25, 1833. Sarah Hobart, December 22, 1828. Nathaniel Champney, August 6, 1830; died South Adams, September 15, 1846. Aaron Hobart, March 20, 1832; died South Adams, October 23, 1846. Abigail Adams, March 29, 1834. 2. *Lucy*, born January 20, 1796; married here March 20, 1827, Jonathan Loring Reed, born March 6, 1791, East Bridgewater, son of Jonathan and Deborah (Porter). She died, South Adams, January 12, 1844. Their 2 children, born there, Susanna Champney, December 30, 1827; Lucy Loring, August 5, 1830; married there, May 3, 1855, Joshua Vining Gurney, born there, August 3, 1830, son of Chandler Robbins and Sally (Vining), and lives, North Bridgewater. Mr. Reed married (1st wife), December 23, 1817, South Adams, Charlotte Brown, born there, April 2, 1793, and died there, December 21, 1825, daughter of Daniel and Mehitabel (Tirrell). Their daughter, Charlotte Brown, born South Adams, May 28, 1821, married August 15, 1844, Edwin Gurney, son of C. R. Gurney, above, and has Edwin Loring, born South Adams, June 10, 1845. Mr. Reed married (3d wife) Mrs. Ann Wells, daughter of Joshua and Sarah (Seaver) Learned, November 7, 1844, South Adams, and lives there. 3. *William Richards*, Selectman, &c., owns and occupies the ancient estate here, born March 18, 1798; married here, June 12, 1831, Sarah Maria Shattuck, born Castleton, Vt., November 5, 1808, daughter of Jesse Shattuck and Mary Earl (Sargeant). Their 3 children, born and live here—Edward Perkins, September 15, 1832; Charles Holton, August 16, 1834; Benjamin Holton, February 4, 1840.

ISAAC (son of Solomon and Rebecca), born here, June 13, 1760; died here, September 22, 1822. He married here, May 8, 1792, Jemima, daughter of Ephraim and Martha Hammond, of Newton. She died here (house Washington St., present site of Horace W. Jordan's). He married here, May 17, 1795, Betsey, daughter of Thomas and Hepzibah (Winship) Shed—born Roxbury, February 23, 1772; died here, February 10, 1848. His 6 children, all born here, follow in small capitals. BETSEY, February 7, 1796; married here, January 1, 1815, Thaddeus, son of Thaddeus and Abigail (Rice) Baldwin, born Gerry, now Phillipston, May 28, 1788; died here, March 6, 1834. She lives now at Nashua, N. H. Their 7 children, all born here, follow in italics. *Eliza*, November 22, 1815; died on the 24th. *George Loammi*, March 29, 1817; died here, May 16, 1840. *Sarah Ann*, December 29, 1819; married here, October 13,

1840, John Field, of Peterboro, N. H., lives West Cambridge. He first married here, May 12, 1836, Sarah Elliot, daughter of David and Mary (Huntington) Worcester, who born Thornton, N. H.; died here, June 20, 1839, leaving 2 sons born here—Henry Martyn, October 3, 1837, now in H. U., and John Worcester, June 11, 1839. Children of John Field and Sarah Ann, are Sarah Ann Baldwin, May 9, 1846; William Evarts, May 29, 1848; Arthur Dwight, December 23, 1850; George Addison, November 10, 1854; all born West Cambridge. *Elizabeth Shed*, August 12, 1822; married here, October 13, 1840, Jeremiah B. Mason, born Thompson, Conn., June 2, 1811, son of Isaac and Zurviah (Bowen). They removed from here to Nashua, N. H., 1851. Children born here—George Henry, August 11, 1841; Thaddeus Bowen, June 21, 1843; William Waldo, July 30, 1846; Sarah Ann Elizabeth, born Nashua, December, 27, 1852. *Abigail Rice*, September 16, 1824; died here February 20, 1833. *John Murdock*, January 4, 1828; died here December 5, 1832. *Thaddeus Augustus*, January 16, 1830; married Great Falls, N. H., Harriet Newell Edwards, and has George Edwards, born December 7, 1854. HARRIET, December 1, 1797; died here, September 28, 1798. HARRIET, July 20, 179; married here, October 13, 1840, Nathan Stratton, (his 2d wife). He born Templeton (that part now in Phillipston), December 12, 1783, son of Jonathan and Sarah (Childs), removed from here May, 1854, to Nashua, N. H., where she died April 29, 1855, interred Brighton, May 2, leaving 1 child, *Abilene Eliza*, born here January 30, 1843. THOMAS SHED, October 24, 1802; died here, September 22, 1849, unm. GEORGE, April 26, 1807; lives Natick, unm. CHARLES, September 8, 1809; married February 11, 1837, Olive D., born April 17, 1815, daughter of John and E. Clement, of Sherborn, and lives there. Children—*Charles Austin*, April 4, 1838; *Benjamin Holton*, March 26, 1840, died February 6, 1842; *George William*, January 20, 1842; *Elizabeth Shed*, December 19, 1843; *John Clement*, July 10, 1849; *Clarence Melville*, April 21, 1851.

Notices from the Early Town and Church Records etc., not inserted above.

JOHN and JOANE CHAMPNEY had Mary, married Theophilus Richardson, Woburn, May 2, 1664; Sarah, married John Russell, Woburn, October 31, 1661; John, died February 20, 1664—all baptized, Cambridge. JOANE, married (2d husband), Goldin Moore. Children—*Hannah*, joins church, May 18, 1666; *Lydia*; *Ruth*.

1644, February 11. Born, Deborah, daughter of Christopher and Margaret Champney.

1779, December 24. Married John Coulson and Bethia Champney.

Children of Richard Champney were *William*; *Richard*; *Jonathan*; *Noah*; *Samuel*. (Which Richard?)

From Copp's Hill burial-ground, Boston, Caleb Dinsdal Champney died October 4, 1802, aged 26; Sarah, wife of Capt. Caleb Champney, died October 13, 1800.



THE RESIDENCE OF JONAS C. CHAMPNEY.

This is a view of the place once owned and occupied by uncle JONAS C. CHAMPNEY, and is as familiar to us all as the old homestead itself. The house is located on what was called the "Old country road," and is one of the oldest houses in the town, and the first cultivated farm. The house was used as a tavern as early as 1752, and was kept for more than forty years. How natural the scene! The house, barns, orchard, the lofty old elms in front of the house by the stone wall, and the chestnut tree in the corner of the barn-yard. The river, out of which I caught my first fish, and the bridge that spans across, reminds us of the first lessons in the

art of swimming. The bold, headlong plunge from off the timbers into the deep waters below, and bringing up the pebbles from the bottom, was proof of the wonderful feat performed, and seemed the very hight of daring and manly triumph. My young heart did not dream that I should ever live to read in history or romance a more lofty exhibition of courage.

The pleasing associations clustering around this spot, is second only to those of the old home. Many of the happiest hours of boyhood were passed here, in company with cousins HORATIO and ABBY, who were born in this house. The roaming over the fields, and through the woods, accompanied by that faithful old dog, "Ventor," whose assistance was so indispensable in driving the unruly cattle, and hunting the wild game, seems but as yesterday, when I look upon the scene. I have not yet forgot the entertainments of the household; the kind words of uncle JONAS and aunt PHEBE, as we used to call them; the sweet music of the flute and bassoon, played by him, whiled away many happy hours.

Uncle JONAS died February 24, 1824, aged 41. His widow afterwards married Ephraim H. Farrar, and resided at the old parsonage, so long occupied by his father, who was the first settled minister of the town. She died November 20, 1848, aged 61 years. Horatio was a mechanic, and served his apprenticeship in the same shop, and at the same time with Stephen A. Douglas, in Brattleboro, Vt.; was never married, and died May 10, 1849, aged 39.

ABBY PARKER, the only surviving member of the family, married C. C. Bellows, and now occupies the mansion left by her step-father, and has but one child now living; has buried three, all of whom lived to develope minds of rare promise, but were snatched suddenly away.

It will be seen that in this branch of the family, the name has already become extinct, and in fact the appearances are that it may run out entirely!

I believe uncle FRANCIS CHAMPNEY resided in this house previous to uncle JONAS, as cousin SAMUEL, his son, speaks in his letter of living here in his younger days. Uncle FRANCIS, however, lived most of his lifetime in Groton, where he died, in 1837. His wife died near the same time. Their children, FANNY, ABIGAIL, FRANCIS, SAMUEL and FERDINAND, are still living.

The author regrets exceedingly that he cannot give more information in regard to this branch of the family, but would only say that it is not his fault that it is not done.

OBITUARY.

It is extremely painful to be compelled to announce, within these pages, the death of one of the band of brothers. SAMUEL, who took such a lively interest in the family gathering, died in little less than one year after that event. Those who remain, will not soon forget his cheerfulness and ready wit, which so enlivened the company on that joyful occasion.

While suffering upon his dying bed, his mind ran upon holding another family gathering, and appointed the 24th of October, his own birth-day, as the time for it to take place; but, alas, he went his way to the spirit land before that day came round, and is now preparing for that great and final gathering that knows no dissolution.

For several years brother SAMUEL was engaged in agricultural pursuits, and was deeply devoted to the improvement of his farm. He loved the business intensely, and labored too hard for his health. He named his place "Fremont," and in most of the State and county fairs the products of his farm brought the premiums. In writing me a short time previous to his being taken sick, he said, "I regret that I do not understand farming better, for it is a blessed employment." His lands were under a high state of cultivation, and contained a large variety of choice fruit trees, and, unused as he was to the business of farming, he was progressing with wonderful success. Had he been spared a few years longer, he would have possessed one of the most comfortable and pleasant homes in New England; but his ambition, together with the terrible death of his two noble sons, so wrought upon his constitution that his health failed him, and he rapidly declined, until death came as a kind and welcome messenger, to guide him into the presence of his loved ones, gone before. He died on the morning of September 22, 1866, in his 53d year.

Dear Illinois. Sept. 24. 1867.
Editor, *Examiner*, Calicut.

Dear Sir,

I retain many pleasant recollections of the *Examiner*, Calicut, as it was my father's family paper when I was a child, fifty years ago; in fact it was the only news paper circulating in the Malabar country at that time. My father died in New Plymouth, in the year 1820, and in 1838 I was sent to live for one year with Mr Johnathan Beards on a farm in Cornhill, and during this year, being old enough to serve a baron, I was sent to Lambeth for the Calicut, as this was the only method the people had for obtaining the paper weekly. I distinctly remember the Editor, Mr Bayleton, and also the abundance of them freely at work with the type. I am unable to say who the young man was, but it is possible they were

89066096850



b89066096850a

NON - CIRCULATING